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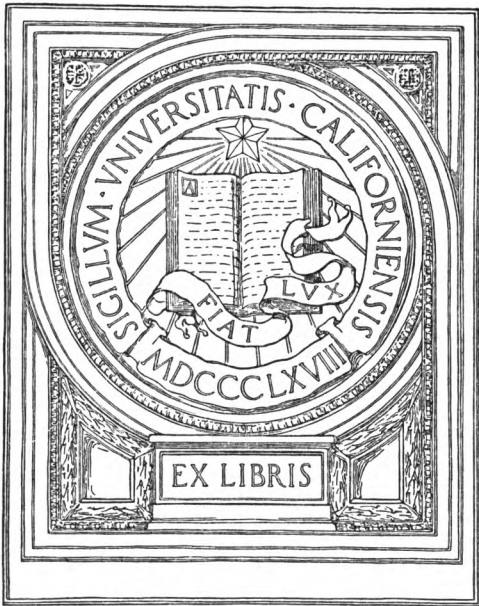
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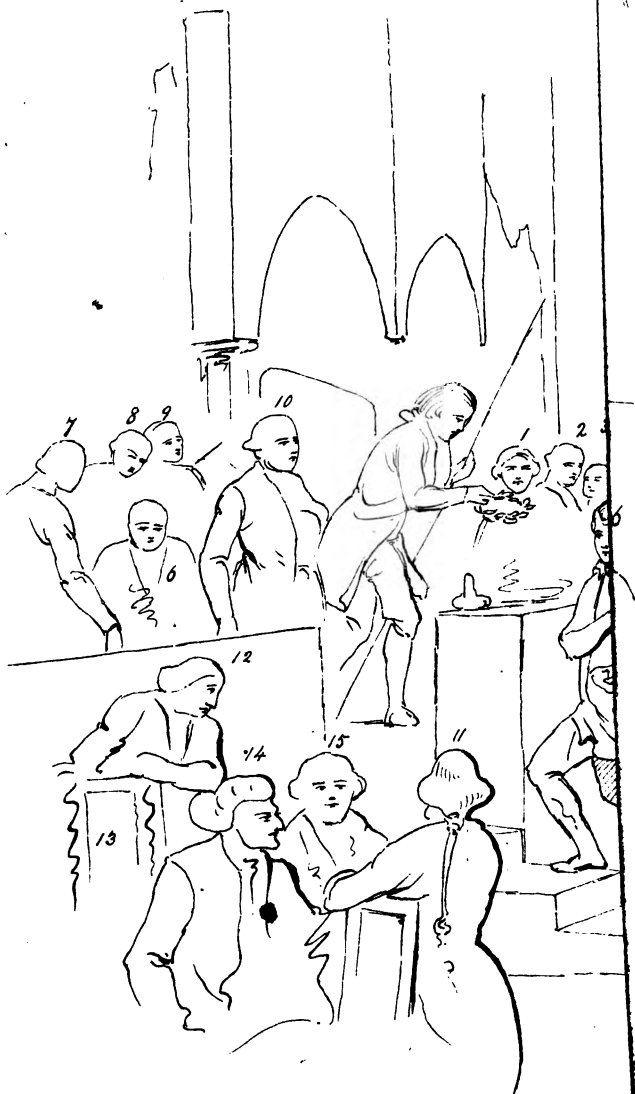
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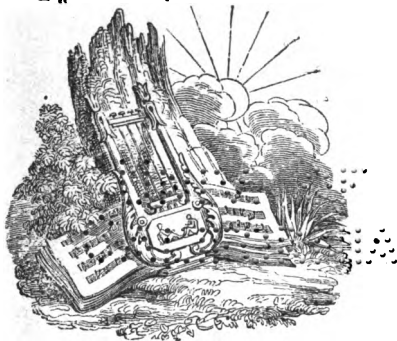


A WINTER
WITH
ROBERT BURNS,

BEING

ANNALS OF HIS PATRONS AND ASSOCIATES IN EDINBURGH DURING
THE YEAR 1786-7, AND DETAILS OF HIS INAUGURATION
AS POET-LAUREATE OF THE
CAN: KIL:

[Marshall, James]



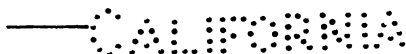
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ROBERT BURNS: . . .



I.—INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Then farewell hopes o' laurel boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 And teach the lanely hights and howes
 My rustic sang.—*Burns.*

Yet read the names that know not death,
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
 And few have worn a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair.—*Halleck.*

It has been said by many that ROBERT BURNS was neglected by his country, and averred in reply that he was irreligious, revolutionary, and "terribly given to drink." All this nonsense is now dispelled ; and the only matter of surprise is that his assailants, and those who in his behalf assailed his countrymen, were not at once confuted by reference to his own glorious writings, or by the evidence borne by such of his contemporaries as Professor Dugald Stewart. That erudite, excellent, and discriminating man, speaking of the poet's sojourn in Edinburgh, and what should have been done for him, said, "I always wished that his pursuits and habits should continue the same as in the former part of his life, with the addition of what I con-

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sidered as then completely within his reach, a good farm, on reasonable terms, in a part of the country agreeable to his taste." This was the feeling repeatedly expressed by Burns himself. "I was bred to the plough," said he, "and am independent." Nevertheless, the auspicious visit to Edinburgh, which afforded an opportunity of testing the estimate in which his genius and merits were held by the elite of his fellow-countrymen, put several hundred pounds into his pocket,* together with the offer of the lease of a farm of his own choice upon his own terms, (of which he afterwards availed himself,) and a commission, which he had coveted as a great boon. This last was not, to be sure, a cadetship in the army, nor a naval appointment, nor a post in the office of the commissary-clerk or sheriff-clerk, such as the classic, ill-fated Ferguson had obtained; nor was it a pension from William Pitt, who acknowledged that he could "think of no verse since Shakspeare's that has so much the appearance of coming directly from nature;" but it was an appointment which Burns was permitted to hold in reserve, and the duties of which would not diminish his opportunities of studying every variety of human character

* Mr Creech, the publisher, bought the copyright for L.100; but, before using it, it was then arranged that an edition should be published for the benefit of Burns. Creech stated that he paid in all L.1100 to Burns, from which fell to be deducted the expense of the subscription-edition. In Robert Heron's account of Burns, it is remarked on this, "that he realized a sum that, to a man who had hitherto been in his indigent circumstances, would be absolutely more than the vainly expected wealth of Sir Epicure Mammon." Heron was a contemporary of Burns, and author of several valuable works. His parents were in the humblest ranks, and his extravagance often reduced him to the hardest shifts, and finally to Newgate prison.

and incident, while they would afford peculiar facilities for his continued enjoyment of the "banks and braes and streams around" him. It was, moreover, an appointment presenting more certain and valuable promotion, had he lived, than any other could do. True, Burns received no *honorarium* from his countrymen for his immortal songs—and what of it? If a pecuniary mark of the value set upon them was requisite, where was the gold to express his nation's estimation of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" As to his alleged *impiety*, they whom Dugald Stewart's distinct asseveration fails to convince that "Burns had a very strong sense of religion," have only to examine his writings in a fair and proper spirit to ensure conviction. The *last* charge, that of participation in the besetting sin of the age—the love of the bottle—is equally refuted by Stewart, in his declaration that, "notwithstanding various reports I heard during the preceding winter (1786-7) of Burns' predilection for convival and not very select society, I should have concluded in favour of his habits of sobriety." Moreover, from inquiries made at the "howffs" mentioned in Burns' writings, and among the frequenters of them, his contemporaries, it has now been made manifest that it was not the *man*, but the *muse*, that became elevated. After settling in Dumfries, Burns, no doubt, was exposed to mixed and dissolute company. To a lady there, who remonstrated with him on the danger from drink, and the pursuits of some of his associates, he replied, "Madam, they would not thank me for my company if I did not drink with them; I must give them a slice of my constitution."

A just appreciation of Robert Burns can scarcely be attained without deliberate perusal of his *entire* prose and poetical works, together with all explanatory notes and testimony furnished by his contemporaries and best commentators. To have all these collected in one volume, was long an important desideratum. The indefatigable and enterprising Messrs Chambers have supplied this by their *People's Edition* of Burns' Life and Works. To the perusal of it, however, may most advantageously be added that of Professor Wilson's splendid Essay "On the Genius and Character of Burns." A more delightful treat than this Essay affords can scarcely be conceived. "Burns (says this eloquent and highly distinguished poet and critic) is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed no country in the world but Scotland could have produced such a man; and he will be for ever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. * * * When inspired to compose poetry, poetry came gushing up from the well of his human affections, and he had nothing more to do than to pour it like streams irrigating a meadow, in many a cheerful tide, over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of life. * * There is no delusion no affectation, no exaggeration, no falsehood, in the spirit of Burns' poetry. He rejoices like an untamed enthusiast and weeps like a prostrate penitent. In joy and in grief the whole man appears. Whatever be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and, no doubt, it has many—it has, beyond

all that ever was written, this greatest of all merits, intense, life-pervading, and life-breathing truth."

The father of Robert Burns was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire. He became a gardener, and in that capacity, at an early age, he went into the service of a gentleman, from whom he afterwards rented a small farm, and built a cottage on it, near Alloway Kirk, two miles from Ayr. In 1757 he married Agnes Brown, who there, on 25th January 1759, gave birth to their eldest child, the poet. He received the ordinary parish school education, and was well trained by his exemplary father, whom he soon had to serve; and up to 1781, Burns, at the yearly wages of seven pounds, stood manfully by his plough, sickle, and, flail. He then left his father's farm of Lochlea to become a flax-dresser at Irvine; but there he had forebodings that poverty and obscurity awaited him. His shop took fire, and was burnt to ashes, which, as he says, left him, "like a true poet—not worth a sixpence." His father was soon bowed to the grave; and Burns gathered the little that was spared, and, with the aid of his younger brother, Gilbert, took charge of Mossgiel farm, of which his mother and sisters divided the domestic labours. During their third season, indifferent seed and a bad harvest robbed them of half their crop. Yet, the while, the muse was strong within him; for, in spite of declining markets, showery harvests, and the clamour for rents and accounts, he persevered in song, and sought solace in verse. Finally, he was driven to the determination of proceeding to Jamaica, there perchance to quell his patriotic fire in the flood of tropic sweats, and exchange the lash of good-humoured satire for the brutalizing

thong of the merciless slave-driver; for Jean Armour's austere and relentless parents compelled her to destroy her "marriage lines," though Burns loved her to distraction, and had offered to become a day-labourer at home, or toil for a time abroad, for their mutual support. They had stern and peculiar prejudices, and nothing would satisfy her father but the removal of Burns from the country. "Poor foolish Armour"* wanted boldness to say with Desdemona—

I am hitherto your daughter, but here's my husband.

Still Burns had to raise the expense of his passage; and it is to these various conjoined circumstances we owe the first publication, at Kilmarnock, of the poems he had up to that period penned. "I was pretty confident" (says he) "my poems would meet with some applause, and, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure. and the novelty of the West Indian scenes make me forget neglect." After the publication, he still lingered in the country, and on the 23d October 1786, in the house of Professor Dugald Stewart, at Catrine, in Ayrshire, first "dinner'd wi' a Lord." A letter was about this time written about Burns by Dr Laurie, an Ayrshire clergyman, to the amiable and accomplished divine, Dr Blacklock of

* Some early Biographers of Burns, from delicacy, owing to inadequate information as to the marriage affair, left the public astray. In Burns' letter, for instance, of 17th July 1786, which the writer of these pages has put into the hands of James Shaw Bookseller, Queen Street, Glasgow, Burns writes—"Poor foolish Armour is come back to Mauchline." Hitherto the word "foolish" has been omitted in printing the letter, from the obvious desire to avoid offence, although it is clear that the expression means no more than is explained by the quotation from Shakspeare here used.

Edinburgh, to whom poetry was the darling solace of perpetual blindness. By this time Burns had taken an affecting farewell of the "partners of his social joys," in the St James' Masonic Lodge of Tarbolton, in the melting words—

A last request permit me here :—
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round—I ask it with a tear—
 To him, the bard that's far awa'.

He had also written—in the belief that it was to be his last home-inspired effusion—

The gloomy night is gathering fast
 and the verses, which were only recently given to the public, finishing thus—

Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains,
 Where rich ananas blow !
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear !
 A brother's sigh, a sister's tear !
 My Jean's heart-rending throes !
 Farewell my Bess, tho' thou'rt bereft
 Of my paternal care ;
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share !
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien' ;
 When kindly you mind me,
 Oh, then befriend my Jean !

II.—FREEMASONRY.

In poverty's low barren vale
 Thick mists obscure involved me round ;
 Tho' oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 No ray of fame was to be found :
 Thou found'st me like the morning sun,
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.—*Burns.*

A flattering letter from Blacklock having been communicated to Burns, he made preparations for a visit to Edinburgh, but he did not wait upon Blacklock for weeks after his arrival.

Soon after he reached that city, he proudly writes that he had been there hailed by the Grand-Master-Mason of Scotland, in a numerous and elegant masonic meeting, as "*Caledonia's Bard.*"

As he set great stress on this circumstance, and as he elsewhere tells that he had been himself

Oft honour'd with supreme command,
 Presiding o'er the sons of light,

it here becomes proper, for the better understanding of the details which follow, to initiate, in some degree, the fair sex, as well as those whom masons designate the neutral world, in the hitherto unfathomable mysteries of masonry.

Pass we, then, over Egypt, and Syria, and Greece, and the earlier history of THE ORDER, and leave to their slumbers the Ionian architects, the Pythagonian Fraternity, and those of THE CRAFT

who built Solomon's temple—it will be sufficient for our present purpose to state that a trading fraternity of masons, joiners, architects, smiths, &c. existed in Europe during the earlier ages; that many special favours were conferred on them by the Roman See, and particularly the exclusive privilege of erecting those magnificent buildings which the pride of the Church of Rome had prompted her to rear; that several of the fraternity, under the auspices of the Church, travelled into Scotland about the beginning of the twelfth century, and built, amongst their earlier works, the Abbey of Kilwinning, founded (according to Grose,) by Hugh Morille, in the year 1140, for the monks of the Tyronesian Order brought from Kelso. It was dedicated to St Winning. The demand for religious structures increased,* and, consequently, for architects in numbers proportioned to the assumed piety of the inhabitants or opulence of the ecclesiastical establishment; and the principles of freemasonry became rapidly diffused, by means of chapters or lodges, in the towns and villages where such structures were in demand. The fraternity made similar progress in England, and flourished till, on the instigation of the Bishop of Winchester, Henry VI. in 1425, (3 H. vi., ch. 1,) enacted that they should no longer hold chapters and annual assemblies, under pain of fine and imprisonment. Yet the Archbishop of Canterbury held a lodge in 1429, and Henry being, by this

* The Freemason tells, as these structures now moulder away, where and what hieroglyphic will be exposed to view on the surface of stones which now are hidden, and at what portion of the building they will be found.

time, of age, made investigation into the uses and tendency of the Order, and then atoned for his former conduct by joining it.* In Scotland, during that period, the order was patronized by James I., under whose authority every Grand-Master, chosen by the brethren from the nobility or clergy, and approved by the Crown, was entitled to a small annual revenue from each master-mason, and a fee at each initiation, and was empowered to adjust any grievances that might arise among the brethren.

The office of Grand-Master was made hereditary, and granted by James II. to William St Clair of Roslin, and to his heirs and successors in the Barony of Roslin. In this capacity he and succeeding Barons held their principal annual meetings at Kilwinning, from which emanated constitutions and charters of erection to such communities of brethren as were desirous to form bodies in different parts of the kingdom. Hence, in the choice of a designation or cognomen, the word Kilwinning was frequently conjoined with some other locality. Thus the *Canongate Kilwinning Lodge*, or the *Kilwinning of Dunfermline*, which afterwards merged in the *Ancient Edinburgh Lodge of St Mary*. Through succeeding reigns the Order flourished, and James VI. on 25th September 1590, granted the right to Patrick Copland of Udaught, "for using and exercising the office of Wardenrie to the art and craft, over the bounds of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine." The Crown appointment of St Clair was confirmed by charter of the brethren in 1630. In 1736 William St Clair of

* The names of the Masters, Wardens, &c., are specified in MS. Register, entitled "*Liberatio Generalis Domini Gulielmi Prioris Ecclesiæ Christi Cantuarensis, erga festum notalis, 1429.*"

Roslin, having no children, and being anxious that the office should not be vacant at his death, assembled the fraternity in the Canongate Kilwinning Chapel, and pointed out to them the utility of having a nobleman or gentleman of their own choice periodically elected as Grand-Master, and for that purpose intimated his intention of resigning. Accordingly, on the ensuing St Andrew's Day, thirty two lodges appeared, represented each by three persons—the Master and two Wardens—or by proxies. The Charter of Resignation was delivered to them, and thus was constituted *The Grand Lodge of Scotland*, being a representative body of the other Scotch lodges, and continuing to be composed in the manner stated. All other lodges in Scotland, and many over the world, (exclusive of England and Ireland,) have since been constituted by, and hold of, this Grand Lodge, all ranking by their seniority or antiquity. The roll is headed by Mother Kilwinning. Then begin the numbers—The Ancient Edinburgh Lodge of St Mary, No. 1; The Canongate Kilwinning, No. 2; The Perth and Scone, No. 3; and so forth. A fund was established for the relief of the indigent, distressed, and superannuated. In 1738 the Grand Lodge contributed to and laid the foundation of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; and the Grand-Master for the time has laid the foundations of the chief structures in Scotland ever since. Similar grand lodges were constituted in England in 1717, and in Ireland in 1730. In 1738, a lodge, holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, was constituted at Brunswick, in which the King of Prussia and many of the German princes were initiated. Against this the German ladies rebelled,

and persuaded the Empress Maria Theresa to set her face against the fraternity, and to issue an order for surprising all the masons of the capitol when assembled in their lodges ; but the Emperor Joseph I. thwarted the attempt.

In 1799, an Act of the British Parliament was passed for the suppression of seditious, as also *secret societies*, but mason lodges were specially exempted, inasmuch as they were alike frequented by princes and nobles, priests and patriots. Freemasons profess universal philanthropy. In the earliest ages they were the cultivators of the arts and sciences, and their knowledge of geometry and astronomy attracted their particular attention to the sublime harmony displayed in the planetary system, and the admirable symmetry observable in the whole works of creation ; and this bright and glorious example it is the aim of Freemasons to emulate in moral conduct, so that their acts as speculative artificers should be those of practical Christians, inculcating charity and brotherly love in the widest sense. All allusion to politics or social distinctions, or creeds and forms of religion, are strictly forbidden and avoided. Men of all ranks are admitted, provided they be of good moral character and of sober and peaceful habits. They meet on a footing of equality, yielding implicit obedience to every behest of the person chosen to preside. A mason finds a friend in every brother and a home in every country ; for the mason lodge is a mean of introduction for the foreigner or stranger, whose society often, in return, affords the assembled brethren new and rare delight ; and while, by peculiar rules and usages, the presumptuous and unmannerly are held in strict

restraint, unobtrusive talent and worth is encouraged to throw off its timidity and receive requisite protection, fostering kindness, and influential patronage, which it cannot find elsewhere, and without which it might have remained unknown and unhonoured.

It is not to be pretended, however, that masons have invariably obeyed the dictates of their institution. Indiscretions are sometimes not wanting either among individuals or whole classes of the order. But there is nothing extraordinary in this circumstance. It would indeed be extraordinary were it otherwise ; for have we not seen men disposed to pervert institutions of *Divine* origin, and shall we wonder to find exposed to abuse a *human* institution, however honoured in its extension, hallowed by its mystery, or respected for its antiquity ? But the ladies, for whose behoof these observations are made, have often had ample experience of the abuses to which Masonry is liable ; and, as it was premised at the outset that it was only *secrets* that were to be communicated, there is no occasion to discourse farther on this head. It is candidly and fairly admitted that Masonry may be and is often unpardonably abused, but—

For a' that, and a' that,
 It 's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall BROTHERS be for a' that

III.—BURNS AS A MASON.

A' ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the tide o' kindness warms,
 Wha hold your being on the terms,
 "Each aid the others,"
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my BROTHERS.—*Burns.*

To the author of the above lines, then, to him who valued the "several actors in the grand drama of life simply as they act their parts;" to him who also said in verse—

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began :—
 The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 And none but he —

to the man who so wrote and felt, Masonry held out an irresistible hand of fellowship, and his writings shew that he was ardently attached to THE ORDER. Mr R. Chambers was the first (with the exception of Mr Pringle, who wrote an article in the *Masonic Magazine*) to draw public attention to the fact that "Burns entered into Freemasonry with all the enthusiasm which might have been expected from his social and philanthropic character." This fact is plain from his works, though no other writers except Mr Heron had noticed it. That Burns was a hearty Mason must have been manifest even to every old woman who ever heard his

verses, with sufficient capacity to comprehend his numerous references to the chief "that led the seraphim to war." What, for instance, but *Masonic light* could have opened to the astonished gaze of Brother Burns—

Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern, grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane ?

What but the "*universal* philanthropy" and the familiarity of Masonry with "Auld Hangie" could have created the poet-mason's wish and hope here expressed?—

Noo fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben !
O wad ye tak' a thocht an' men',
Ye aiblins nicht—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake ;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake !

What on earth (or off it !) could the most truthful poet* refer to in these lines, but that which is made perfectly explicit by the awful alternative described in the same "Address to the Deil"—

When masons' mystic word and grip
In storms and tempests raise you up,
Some Cock or Cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straucht to hell !

Respected pilgrim in "The Land of Burns," not being a Freemason, you have not yet "div'd deeper than ever plummet sounded." The Tarbolton minute-books enabled you to throw a glimmer

* "There is *no falsehood* in the spirit of Burns' poetry."—PROFESSOR WILSON. *Note*.—Was he initiated in the Canongate Kilwinning ?

upon the uninitiated ; but you may ascertain that, independent of all the information contained in all the masonic minute-books from St Abb's Head in the East, where Burns was royal-arched, to the Cherokee lodge in the Far West, where Brother Peter Williamson* was glad to put on his first apron, that—

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

You do find from the book that, subsequent to his initiation in 1783, the attendance of "the poet was very constant even after he had gone from Tarbolton to Mossgiel, and that such was his zeal for proselytizing, that he would hold lodges at Mauchline, and even in his own house, for the purpose of admitting new members ;" and that, at the meeting of July 27, 1784, he appears for the first time as deputy-master, in which capacity he signs the minutes as *Burness* for several subsequent years, till March 1, 1786, after which the name appears contracted into the form in which it is now known over the world ; and, farther, "that the attendance of Professor Dugald Stewart is noted on one or two occasions." He doubtless attended with the view of having an intellectual treat ; "for," says Professor Wilson, "what was reading his poetry, full as it is of mirth and pathos, to hearing the poet ! His deepest and best feelings he for the most part kept sacred for communion with those who were held by him in honour as well as in love. But few were utterly excluded from the cordiality of one who, in the largeness of his heart, could sympathize with all, provided he could

* See sequel for his adventure there.—No. 33.

but bring out, by the stroke of the keen tempered steel of his own nature, some latent spark of humanity from the flint of theirs. * * * When his genius and humour, his mirth and glee, his fun and frolic, his exhilarated imagination came into play, then"—well, what then?—Why his very identity came to be doubted, as this anecdote will shew :—A gentleman, desirous of an introduction to him, applied to Dr Mackenzie at Mauchline, by whom he was introduced at an accidental roadside interview, during which Burns stated that he was, that same evening, to be in the mason lodge. "In the evening (says Mr Chambers) Mackenzie and his friend proceeded to the lodge, but, arriving rather late, the meeting was already constituted and pretty far advanced in jollity. After sitting for some time, the stranger whispered in the doctor's ear, 'What has become of Burns?' 'Become of him!' said Mackenzie, 'don't you see him in the chair?' 'No,' said his friend, 'that is certainly not the man we saw in the forenoon.' It was the poet, nevertheless, under new circumstances." The Mauchline lodge had its annual procession on 24th June 1786, and the anxiety of Burns to have it properly attended is evinced by a versified note which he sent, on that occasion, to this same friend. Mr John Mackenzie, surgeon, who had, some time before, expressed a fear lest his duty to his patients should prevent his being present—

Friday first 's the day appointed
 By our Right Worshipful anointed
 To hold our grand procession ;
 To get a blad of Johnnie's morals,
 And taste a swatch of Manson's barrels,
 I' the way of our profession.

The master and the brotherhood
 Would a' be glad to see you ;
 For me, I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you.
 If death, then, wi' skaith then,
 Some mortal heart is hechtin',
 Inform him, and storm him,
 That Saturday you'll fecht him.

Mr Chambers remarks that, when he was conducted to the lodge-room wherein all this took place, he " could not view, without strange feelings, the little stifling cottage room in which a brotherhood containing such men as Robert Burns and Dugald Stewart had met to profess the maxims of a boundless philanthropy—the place where the poet of human nature had taken that tearful farewell of his companions," of which, by the bye, " the (minute) books contain no notice."

But it is not to be supposed that this poet and this philosopher were the only men of intelligence who, forty or fifty years ago, were in the habit of attending mason lodges. Shortly before the period of Burns' initiation, *James Dalrymple* of Orange-field, *William Campbell* of Fairfield, and others, representing the Grand Lodge, laid the foundation stone of the harbour of Ayr, and they and Sir *John Whiteford* of Can. Kil. *Gavin Hamilton* of St James', Tarbolton, and *John Ballantyne*, banker in Ayr, and *William Wallace* of the Tarbolton *St David's*, then the principal Sheriff of that county, were in the habit of attending the masonic meetings there. Of the last gentleman the following stanza occurs in the "tearful farewell."

And you farewell ! whose merits claim
 Justly the highest badge to wear !
 Heaven bless your honour'd noble name,
 To MASONRY and SCOTIA dear !

It has been already remarked that Burns did not wait upon Dr Blacklock for some weeks after his journey to Edinburgh, although it was that gentleman's letter that induced it. The reason is plain. Several of the gentlemen who have just been named, whom Burns could claim already as his friends, were proceeding to Edinburgh at the same time to spend the winter, and his most natural course was, in the first instance, to wait upon some of them.

Masonry was in great vogue when Burns arrived in Edinburgh. Eleven or twelve lodges there held monthly meetings, and the officials of the Grand Lodge of the time were in the habit of visiting each lodge once in the year. Among these officials were the Duke of Atholl, the Earl of Balcarras, Lord Haddo, Sir Wm. Forbes, the Hon. Col. James Murray, Sir James Hunter Blair, the Earl of Buchan, Thomas Hay of Hayston, Mr Campbell of Shawfield, Mr Grant of Monymusk, Dr Nathaniel Spens, Francis Lord Napier, Lord Binning, J. Stewart of Allanbank, James Wolfe Murray, (Lord Cringletie,) the Earl of Morton, John Clerk of Eldin, (Lord Eldin.) Burns, from the first, was a regular attender of the mason meetings in Edinburgh, but these were restricted to reasonable evening hours, and his bed-fellow, John Richmond, says that "Burns, though frequently out into company, usually returned at good hours and went soberly to bed, where he would prevail upon his companion, by little bribes, to read to him till he fell asleep." The annual election of office-bearers of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge takes place in summer. The minute-book contains this entry:—"St John's Lodge, 22d June 1786.—

The lodge having met to celebrate the anniversary of St John Baptist, it was reported that the committee had passed the accounts. It was proposed that Brother Ferguson should be continued the Master, which, being unanimously agreed to, he accordingly, being re-elected, proposed Brother More to be continued Depute-Master; Brother Wm. Dunbar, (W.S.) to be Senior-Warden; John Millar, (advocate,) to be Junior-Warden; George Spankie continued Treasurer; and John Mercer, Secretary." The usual business of the meeting being finished, and, after having spent the evening with that fun and good humour which always attend the meetings of that lodge, they adjourned the meeting.

GEO. SPANKIE, Treas.
JOHN MERCER, Sec.

ALEX. FERGUSON, M.
CHAS. MORE, D.-M.
WILL. DUNBAR, Sen.-W.
JO. MILLAR, Jun.-W.

This minute is introduced here, in order that the reader may remark, by anticipation, how it happened that Ferguson and Dunbar came to be distinguished by the writings of Burns. This lodge has always maintained a prominent position among the sister lodges. Her very name, by association must have attracted Brother Burns on reaching the city—

To tak' a share wi' those that bear
The mallet and the apron.—*Burns.*

IV.—THE INAUGURATION.

And wear thou this, she solemn said,
 And bound the holly round my head,
 The polish'd leaves and berries red
 Did rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.—*BURNS.*

ROBERT BURNS arrived in Edinburgh on Tuesday, 28th November 1786, and took up his abode in a sleeping apartment of Mrs Carfrae's lodgings, Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, occupied by John Richmond, then a law-student and clerk from Mauchline. On that day one of his patrons, William Wallace, Advocate, Sheriff of Ayrshire, Professor of Scots Law in the university, and one of the assessors of the city of Edinburgh, died suddenly.

It was announced in the papers that a daylight procession of the Grand Lodge and lodges of the city would take place on the 30th, and brethren from the country were invited to join. On the 30th they assembled in the New Church aisle, and walked to St Andrew's Church, New Town, where the minister of Maybole, Ayrshire, author of a publication called "Brotherly Love," addressed them. On the 6th December, Burns attended a judicial sale in the Parliament House of some lands in the parish of Tarbolton, for the information of his correspondent, Mr Hamilton, just mentioned. A meeting of the Canongate Kil-

winning Lodge was advertised for the 7th, at half-past six in the evening; and, by Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield, a masonic brother of Burns, he was introduced to the Past-Master, the Hon. Henry Erskine. Burns attended. The minute of that meeting narrates that "John Cathcart, Esq., John Hepburn, Esq., Mr Burn, and Mr Jones, were entered apprentices, and Mr Jones and Lord Torphichen were passed as fellowcraft and raised, and that the Earl of Errol, the Hon. William Gordon, (afterwards Earl of Kenmure,) John Newal of Earlston, Captain Gillespie, and W. Campbell of Fairfield, were initiated.* Farther, that the lodge was *visited by the Grand Lodge—the Edinburgh Lodge—Mary's Chapel—Canongate and Leith—Leith and Canongate—Journeymen Masons—St Luke's—Ruglen Royal Arch—and the Royal Arch Lodge, Edinburgh.*" Mr Dalrymple likewise introduced Burns to Erskine's brother-in-law, the Earl of Glencairn. On the same night Burns wrote his first Edinburgh letter to his friend, Mr Hamilton the writer—"My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty, Mr H. Erskine, have taken me under their wing; and by all probability I shall soon be the tenth worthy and the eighth wise man of the world. * * * I have met in Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield what Solomon emphatically calls 'a friend that sticketh closer than a BROTHER.'" On Saturday, the 9th December, appeared the *Lounger's* Notice of the Kilmarnock Edition, and

* Mr Campbell had, as stated, and as appears by the Records of the Grand Lodge, officiated as Grand Warden at laying the foundation stone of the harbour of Ayr. Therefore for initiated read *affiliated*. He must have met Burns in the Air lodges.

on the 13th, a Complimentary Epistle was published in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, in which Burns was acknowledged as—

The prince o' poets and o' ploughmen.

Wilson, the publisher of the Kilmarnock edition, was astonished to find that on its publication it was all instantly sold off, and the demand continuing; yet (according to Gilbert Burns' letter to Dr Currie) he declined making a farther venture by undertaking a new edition. The poet explained this among his masonic friends in Edinburgh. "Wilson," he said, "being a rigid Cameronian, had been averse even to undertaking the first edition, and when a second was proposed, he replied—'Ah, Rab, it winna do, unless ye begin your buik wi' mair sprinklin's o' serious bits.'"

On the 13th Burns wrote Mr Ballantyne that "my avowed patrons and patronesses are the Duchess of Gordon, the Countess of Glencairn, with my Lord and Lady Betty, the Dean of Faculty Sir John Whiteford. I have likewise warm friends among the literati, Professors Stewart, Blair, and Mr Mackenzie the 'Man of Feeling.' An unknown hand left me ten guineas. I have since discovered my generous unknown friend to be Patrick Miller, Esq., brother to the Justice-Clerk. Dugald Stewart and some of my learned friends put me in the periodical called the *Lounger*."

The Canongate Kilwinning Lodge is situated in St John Street. Entering from Canongate, the first door on the right is that which led to the apartments once occupied by Smollet; the next building is the lodge; the third was Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank; and the only other on that side had been the residence of the Grand-Master, the Hon. Francis Charteris, yo. of Amisfield, who next

year succeeded as Lord Elcho, father of the present Earl of Wemyss and March, &c. On the opposite side of this little street lived Lord Monboddo, also a constant attender of the lodge.

Lord Glencairn got Creech to undertake the publication. On the 14th Creech announced the volume "in the press," to be published by subscription, for the sole benefit of the author. On the same day a visitation of the Grand Lodge to St Luke's Lodge was announced for the 15th.

The exterior of Burns for some time after his arrival was little superior to that of his rustic competitors. "What a clodhopper!" was the exclamation of a lady to whom he was abruptly pointed out. He now got into comparatively fashionable attire; a blue coat with metal buttons, a yellow and blue-striped vest, (being the livery of Mr Fox,) and a pair of buckskins. His neckcloth of white cambric was neatly arranged, and his whole appearance clean and respectable, though the taste was obviously rustic. On the 19th a supper of the Cotcallen Club was announced at Sommers' for next night, James Dalrymple of Orangefield in the chair. On the 26th, the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge advertised a meeting for next evening, at half-past six P.M., to celebrate the Festival of St John. On the 11th January it was advertised that the Grand-Master would visit the lodge of St Andrews. On that day a meeting of the Highland Society took place, and two of Burns' best friends, Sir W. Forbes and the Hon. Henry Erskine, were elected vice-presidents. The Grand-Master visited the ancient lodge Mary's Chapel on the 12th. A great ball, the first in the new Assembly Rooms, George Street, given by the Caledonian Hunt, took place on the 13th. On

the 14th Burns writes, "I went to a mason lodge yesternight, where the most Worshipful Grand-Master Charteris and all the Grand Lodge of Scotland visited. The meeting was numerous and elegant; the different lodges of the town were present in all their pomp. The Grand-Master who presided, with great solemnity, and honour to himself as a gentleman and mason, among other general toasts gave 'Caledonia and Caledonia's bard—Brother Burns,' which rung through the whole assembly with multiplied honours, and repeated acclamations. As I had no idea such a thing would happen, I was downwright thunderstruck, and, trembling in every nerve, made the best return in my power. Just as I had finished, some of the grand officers said, so loud that I could hear, with a most comforting accent, 'Very well, indeed'—which set me something to rights again." From his masonic experience, independent of his native talent of address, the reply of Burns must have confirmed the *impressement* of "all the honours" to which he alludes. This meeting is farther alluded to in the sequel. The Theatre Royal had hitherto been occupied with the Christmas pastimes, but on Monday the 15th *The School for Scandal* was performed, under the patronage of the Caledonian Hunt. William Woods, the actor, to whom Burns was introduced in the lodge, performing Joseph. On the 16th, the Whig Club dined at Fortune's, Mr Dalrymple in the chair. On the 16th a meeting of St David's Lodge took place. On the 20th the Queen's birthday was celebrated in great style. A meeting of the Roman Eagle Lodge was held on the 23d, at which the Grand-Master presided. There

were weekly concerts given by Italian musicians, and several balls at this period, and Burns was sought after on every such public occasion. The next minute of the Canongate Kilwinning is to this effect : —“ 1st February 1787.— There being no meeting in January, the lodge met this evening. The following gentlemen were entered apprentices :—Mr Burns, Mr Spied, Captain Bartlet, Mr Haig, G. Douglas, Esq., E. B. Clive, Esq., Mr Maule, Mr Wotherspoon, Mr Moir, Mr Lindsay Carnegy, Mr Archibald Millar, and Mr James Buchan. There were also initiated—Colonel Dalrymple of Inveresk, Captain Maitland of Marchfield, Cramond, and J. Hammond, Esq.” Some of these were from Forfarshire, and some became masons in order to meet Burns. The boy, Walter Scott, was then too young for initiation ; yet, said the matured and great Sir Walter, “ I had sense and feeling enough to be much interested with his poetry, and would have given the world to know him.” The secretary’s clumsy minute goes on to say—“ The R. W. Master having observed that Brother Burns was at present in the lodge—who is well known as a great poetic writer, and for a late publication of his works, which have been universally commended—submitted that he should be assumed a member of this lodge, which was unanimously agreed to, and he was assumed accordingly. Having spent the evening in a very social manner, as the meetings of this lodge always have been, it was adjourned till next monthly meeting.

ALEX. FERGUSON, M.

JO. MILLAR, J.W.

CHAS. MORE, D.M.”

John Beugo, the engraver of Nasmyth’s portrait of Burns, was an active member of the lodge,

and took sketches of Burns for improving the likeness and expression. And James Johnston, the engraver of music, applied to Burns to assist him in his proposed publication of "A New and Complete Collection of Songs with Music." On the 6th he advertized it, to be in 2 vols., with 100 songs in each.

It has been stated that the first thing Burns did on reaching Edinburgh was to visit the grave of Ferguson; but it is more than probable that his own remarks at that meeting had drawn out the information of its vicinity; for, five days afterwards, he wrote the Bailies—"I am sorry *to be told* that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your churchyard among the ignoble dead unnoticed and unknown."

At this period the heir-apparent to the throne was starting into society to become the leader of the *ton*, and masonry received a fresh impetus from the following circumstance:—"6th February, 1787, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was initiated into the mysteries of masonry at the Star and Garter. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Grand-Master, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Manchester, and several other noblemen of that respectable order attended at the ceremony." It has been customary on such Royal occasions to transmit from Scotland letters of congratulation, and for *that* purpose the next meeting of the Canongate Kilwinning, on the 1st March, would be full, *as well as* for the purpose of having a tribute paid to Burns, and of promoting the subscription for

c

his forthcoming volume. An observation of Burns' biographer, Mr J. G. Lockhart, may here be mentioned, that he "was much patronized in Edinburgh by the Hon. Henry Erskine, and other leading Whigs not in place, much more so, to their honour be it said, than by any of the influential adherents of the then administration. His landlord at Ellisland, Mr Millar of Dalswinton, his neighbour, Mr Riddel of Friar's Carse, and most of the other gentlemen who shewed him special attention, belonged to the same political party." But, be it remarked, the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge at the time happened to be attended mainly by Whigs, as will be still farther seen, and the Prince of Wales was becoming the associate of Fox, Sheridan, &c. The mason meetings at this period were held at half-past six in the evening. On the same night there was to be a ball in the newly-erected Assembly Rooms in George Street. A ball occupied the whole night, for the journals of the time say "the ladies retired about four A.M., but the morning was pretty far advanced before the gentlemen left the rooms."

At an early part of this evening, 1st March, Alex. Ferguson of Craigdarroch, advocate, the Master of the lodge,* conferred upon Burns the title of Poet-Laureate of the lodge. At this meeting F. J. Hammond, Esq., and R. A. Maitland, Esq., were entered as apprentices, and Mr Gray, Mr Buchan,† and others, who entered as apprentices at last meeting, were raised to the degree of master, as appears by the minute.

It will be remarked that many of the persons

* Hero of the song of the Whistle.

† City Clerk and City Chamberlain.

enumerated in the following pages became acquainted and have had their names associated with that of Burns through masonry ; and as the names of many of them are by his pen placed on the lasting scroll of posterity, it was desirable to have as accurate portraits of them as could be obtained, and for this purpose no pains have been spared in collecting them for the painting of the Inauguration. In the following pages some notice will be given of each individual introduced in it.

The meeting of 1st March was the last of the season. Meantime the subscription for the second edition—the preparation and printing of it, and the portrait and engravings for it, were in the course of their completion. In the biographical sketches it will be farther traced in what manner Burns occupied his time, and how his friendships or intimacies came to be formed. In his writings it is manifest that he took great delight in the designation of *Bard*. He added that word to his signature, and with it his *masonic mark*, on the sacred volumes he presented to “Highland Mary,”* with quotations from Scripture.†

He set an equally high estimation on the honour which he deemed had been conferred on him by the lodge in acknowledging him as her Poet-Laureate.

To please you, and praise you,
Ye ken your LAUREATE SCORNS ;
The prayer still you share still
Of grateful minstrel BURNS.

* Mary Campbell was *byres-woman*, that is, dairymaid, at Colonel Montgomerie's house of Coilsfield.

† *Levit.* xix. v. 12. *St Matth.* v. 33.

V. CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

I'm no for riving aff your brow
The laurel folks hae thocht your due.

Journal, 23d June 1787.

The reflection against Scotland, as Burns' country, for neglecting and making no provision for him, has been maintained not so much by foreign countries as by England; and this has been continued and repeated in the strongest terms since the recent jubilee in the Land of Burns; but what would *John Bull* have done for him? What *did* this redoubtable champion and holder of public purse-strings—administrator of places and pensions—divider of loaves and fishes? Why, this:—When a premature grave closed over the poet's remains, and the Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities furnished to his oldest son, the junior Robert, an excellent education, *John Bull* not only received him with open arms, but gave him employment for twenty-nine years in the Stamp Office of London, where the lad was obliged to "improve a narrow income by teaching the classics and mathematics;" and your Parliamentary Commissioners recently enrolled the Bard of Scotland's name on a list of poets, whose pretensions for distinction by statues to decorate the New House of Parliament are of a doubtful and questionable nature. There let it remain, either as a monument to their own stultification, as incapable *judges*, or to the fact that they disregard testimony borne by clouds of wit-

nesses blown from every quarter condemnatory of hesitation ! Take a man who knows and appreciates the Scotch language—the poet of Wyoming; ask him—Why there should be a statue of the ploughman set up. His answer is—

For he was CHIEF OF BARDS that swell
The heart with songs of social flame
And high delicious revelry ;
And love's own strain to him was given
To warble *all* its extasy.

Then ask Fitzgreen Halleck, (but he is an American, and answers the inquiry by putting another)—What was

The power that gave a child of song
Ascendancy *o'er* rank and birth—
The rich, the brave, the strong ?

What said the poet Blacklock ?

“ Many instances have I seen of nature's force and beneficence exerted under numerous and formidable disadvantages, but none equal to that with which you have been kind enough to present me. There is a pathos and delicacy in his serious powers, a vein of wit and humour in those of a more festive turn, which cannot be too much admired nor too warmly approved. I think I shall never open the book without feeling my astonishment renewed and increased.” What said the versatile and learned, though ill-fated, Robert Heron ? “ By his writings he exercised a greater power over the minds of men, and, by consequence, on their conduct, upon their happiness and misery, and upon the general system of life, than has been exercised by any half-dozen of the most eminent statesmen of the present age.” But where can we stop ? When, in a company of the brightest spirits, a question was raised as to what was deemed the

most poetical passage in the English language, Byron's quotation was—

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

And Sir Walter Scott, the greatest romancer, said that the following stanza, which was *quoted* by Byron to grace his *Bride of Abydos*, is worth a thousand romances :—

Had we never lov'd sae kindly !
Had we never lov'd sae blindly !
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted !

And Mrs Jameson remarks of them :—“ They are the *Alpha* and *Omega* of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure, distilled into one burning drop.”

What, again, says the *Scotsman* newspaper on the Commissioners' report ?

After reminding us that Burns can—

A *mightier* monument command—
The mountains of his native land.

Take away these four (says the article) at the utmost, Shakspeare, Chaucer, Milton, and Spencer, and where is the other man, either in the Commissioners' unanimous or doubtful list, or among the great names to be found in neither, to whom the Ayrshire ploughman need bow his head ?

Then, Honoured Commissioners, pray reconsider this matter, for has not the Bard himself emphatically warned you that—

Auld Scotland has a rache tongue ;
She's just a deevil wi' a rung ;
And if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

For gude sake, sirs ! then speak her fair,
 And straik her canny wi' the hair,
 And to the Meikle House repair
 Wi' instant speed,
 And strive wi' a' your wit and lear'
 To get remead.

At this period there was an impression abroad that Burns' rustic manners were assumed, and that the statement of his being a plain untutored ploughman was a mere trick of the trade. The following are selected from verses which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of 23d June 1787, and serve to shew this :—

“ 'Tis education makes the genius bright.”

Rab, when ye crack about the nine,
 And how to you they hae been kin',
 By helpin' ay your day to shine
 Wi' weel wail'd wordies,
 Then ye work up a tale o'er fine
 For Scottish worthies.

Though prints, newspapers, and reviews,
 Frae time to time may still you rooze,
 And say ye're heav'n-taught, and your views
 Are unco fair,
 And a' your ain, gi'en by the muse
 On banks o' Air,

In faith, for a' the sough you've made
 I doubt ye are some sleeket blade
 That never handled shool or spade,
 Or huik, or plough,
 But, for bauld ends, would hae that said
 For praise to you.

You've surely notic'd this yoursel'—
 Afore we read we ay maun spell
 An' till cock-chuckie brak' the shell
 Whar he is hidden,
 He canna crawl a mornin' knell
 Upo' the midden.

If grain ye t'ither month did saw,
 Ye ken, a while 'twas smoor'd in snaw,
 An' simmer suns maun gar that blaw
 Which now is breerin',
 Ere autumn's yellowed leaf can shaw
 Ought hae't for shearin'.

Nae learned Frenchified scrap,
 Through Mauchline's furrows ere could saep,
 Nor, winnowing i' your barn, escape
 A blaud o' Latin;
 Sae a' *your* wark's been put to gap—
 Your bread's been *baken*.

You've yok'd your horse ahint your cart,
 Sae tak' advice, its weel your pairt
 To own what solid lore ye lear't
 And whare were bred.
 There's nane now born maister o' art
 Or manna fed.

I'm no for riving aff your brow
 The laural folks hae thoct your due,
 But gin awhile you left the plough
 T' tend the college,
 Why should you smore the thing that's true,
 Wi' a' your knowledge?

On the 6th May, Burns proceeded on his tour with Robert Ainslie, and on the 19th, "at a general encampment of St Abb's Lodge, the following brethren were made royal-arch masons:—Robert Burns, from the Lodge of St James, Tarbolton, Ayrshire; and Robert Ainslie, from the Lodge of St Luke, Edinburgh. Robert Ainslie paid one guinea admission-dues, but, on account of Robert Burns' remarkable poetical genius, the encampment agreed to admit him *gratis*, and considered themselves honoured by having a man of such shining abilities for one of their companions."* By this time the new edition was published. On the

* Here was a secretary and an encampment worthy of St Abb.

5th June Burns returned by Dalswinton on the Nith, where it had been proposed by the proprietor, P. Millar, he should locate as a farmer—thence he reached Mauchline, on the 8th June, and presided at a meeting of the lodge at Mauchline. Professor Dugald Stewart was present, and writes of the occasion thus:—Burns “had occasion to make some short unpremeditated compliments to different individuals from whom he had no reason to expect a visit, and everything he said was happily conceived and forcibly as well as fluently expressed.”

On the 25th June he was present at the annual election of office-bearers of Canongate Kilwinning, when Lord Torphichen was elected Master, and William Dunbar, Depute, Mr Lindsay Carnegie, a Warden, and Mr Ferguson, younger of Craigdarroch, (Cutler Ferguson,) and Mr Frizzle of the Isle of Man, were received as members. Burns was present on the occasion, and was pleased to be recognised as the Poet-Laureate of the lodge; and from the excess of hospitality with which he was this week received, he wrote—“If once I were gone from this scene of hurry and dissipation, I promise myself the pleasure,” &c. After his Highland tour, he returned and attended the Canongate Kilwinning meetings, always recognised as her Poet-Laureate, and always occupying the same seat in the lodge, viz., where, in the picture of the Inauguration, Cunningham is placed. A full-length portrait of him now occupies this spot in the lodge. He left Edinburgh finally in February 1788, and in June took possession of his farm of Ellisland on the Nith. Finding the returns from it inadequate, he added to it the emoluments (but with them the onerous duties) of an exciseman. He then

dropped the farm, and was promoted to an examiner-ship, and settled in Dumfries, where he says he continued his *mason-making* practice. His contemporary, Heron, says that the "poet eagerly sought admission into the brotherhood of freemasons, which is recommended to the young men of this country, by nothing so much as by its seeming to extend the sphere of agreeable acquaintance, and to knit closer the bonds of friendly endearment. In some mason lodges in his neighbourhood Burns had soon the fortune, whether good or bad, to gain the notice of several gentlemen,* better able to estimate the true value of such a mind as his than were his fellow peasants."

Many anecdotes are told of Burns. He often made extempore rhymes the vehicle of his sarcasm. Thus, for example, having heard a person of no very elevated rank, talk loud and long of some aristocratic festivities in which he had the honour to mingle, Burns, when he was called upon for his song, chanted some verses, of which one has been preserved :—

"Of lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
Yet the insect's an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the curl of a queen."

He had a custom of carrying a diamond pencil with him in his wanderings, and embellished windows, &c. with his epigrams. On one occasion, being storm-stayed at Lamington, in Clydesdale, he went to church, and the indignant beadle, after the congregation dispersed, invited the attention of the clergyman to this stanza on the win-

* These were the Dalrymples, Whitefords, Stewarts, Campbells, &c., already mentioned.

dow by which the noticeable stranger had been sitting :—

“ As cauld a wind as ever blew ;
A cauld kirk, and in’t but few ;
As cauld a minister’s ever spak ;
Ye’s e a’ be het or I come back.”

Sir Walter Scott possessed a tumbler, on which were verses written by Burns on the arrival of a friend, Mr W. Stewart, factor to a gentleman of Nithsdale. The landlady being very wroth at what she considered the disfigurement of her glass, a gentleman present appeased her by paying down a shilling, and carried off the relic.

Even to the ladies, when he suspected them of wishing to make a show of him, he could not help administering a little of his village discipline. A certain stately peeress sent to invite him, without, as he fancied, having sufficiently cultivated his acquaintance beforehand, to her assembly. “ Mr Burns,” answered the bard, “ will do himself the honour of waiting on the —— of ——, provided her ladyship will invite also the learned pig.” Such an animal was then exhibiting in the Grass-market.

While he was one of the Dumfries Volunteers, the *corps* had a grand dinner, and all present expected a patriotic outburst in the shape of a toast, when he gave—“ May we never see the French nor they us?”

He was one day dining in Bacon’s tavern at Brownhill with other persons, when a commercial traveller arrived, and was ushered into the room to see Burns, by the landlord, who very familiarly, as had been his wont with all companies, joined the guests at table. After dinner, the traveller politely asked Burns for a specimen of his rhyme,

on which Burns, without hesitation or difficulty, uttered the following :—

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of Bacon, each day in the year ;
We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season—
But why always BACON ?—come, give me a reason ?

The poet terminated his earthly career at his residence in Dumfries on the 21st July 1796, and he was laid in the grave-yard of Greyfriars' Church.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confin'd :
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.
And what to us the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, WREATHS, and urns ?
Wear we not graven on our hearts
The name of Robert Burns ?—*Halleck.*

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

IN THE

PICTURE OF THE INAUGURATION



ALEXANDER FERGUSON.

No longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low !
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay,
The field thou hast won by yon bright God of day.

Burns.

ALEXANDER FERGUSON, Esq. of Craigdarroch, Advocate, and Assessor of the Burgh of Canongate, 6, St David Street, held the office of Master (president) of this lodge from June 1784 to June 1787, and in that capacity, as has already been shewn, made the acquaintance of the poet, and is represented as holding out the wreath to him. The effusion of "The Whistle," in which Mr Ferguson plays a prominent part, is thus explained by Burns:—"In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James VI., there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic

stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scotch Bachannalians to the alternative of trying his prowess or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter. On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friar's Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert of Maxwelton, Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won it, and in whose family it had continued, and Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field." Mr Ferguson was a gentleman of superior attainments and of amiable disposition. Burns alludes repeatedly to his friendship. He died of a fall from his horse three months prior to the decease of the poet.

ROBERT BURNS.

For me, sae laigh, I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough.
 Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatt'rin',
 It's just sic poet and sic patron.—*Burns.*

The poet-hero is represented in the painting of his inauguration as Poet-Laureate of the Lodge, Canongate Kilwinning, as just advanced to the front of the Master's chair to receive the wreath.

The other persons represented as present at the Inauguration will be described, for the convenience of those examining Mr Watson's painting, or the engraving of it, in divisions of four or five in each group.

I.—GRAND-MASTER'S GROUP.

No. 1.—LORD ELCHO, *Grand-Master.*

For tho' he was of high degree,
 The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.—*Burns.*

The Honourable FRANCIS CHARTERIS (LORD ELCHO) was the only son, born 31st January 1749, of the marriage between Francis the fifth Earl Wemyss and Lady Catherine Gordon, sixth daughter of Alexander the second Duke of Gor-

don. In 1780 he was chosen M.P. for the burghs of Haddington, &c. On his father's succession to the Earldom of Wemyss, which occurred upon the demise of the former Lord Elcho, which took place at Paris, in May 1787, Mr Charteris succeeded as Lord Elcho. He then made a motion in the House of Commons for a new writ for these burghs, which was carried after a long debate, his opponent contending that a clause in the Articles of Union applied only to the then or existing peers' eldest sons being elected, and not to those who should become so after their election. In later years, his Lordship devoted his attention to agricultural pursuits, which he studied minutely. In 1771 he married Miss Susan Tracy Kick, daughter of Anthony Tracy Kick of Great Tew, in the county of Oxford, by Lady Susan Hamilton, daughter of James fourth Duke of Hamilton and first of Brandon, and by her had five children—1st, Francis, the sixth (present) Earl of Wemyss; 2d, Hon. Henrietta Charlotte Elizabeth, married to George Harry Lord Grey, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington; 3d, Hon. Susan, married to Major-General Henry Clinton, of the 1st Foot Guards, M. P.; 4th, Hon. Catherine, married to the Hon. Edward Richard Stewart, M.P., son of the Earl of Galloway; 5th, Hon. Augusta Charteris. Lord Elcho died 20th January 1808.

He was a very active promoter of the order of Freemasonry, presiding first as Master of the St John's Lodge, Haddington, then assumed, 3d March 1779, as a member of the Canongate Kilwinning, where he carried a motion to the effect that all members of the Haddington Lodge should, while *in* the Canongate Kilwinning, be full mem-

bers thereof, and *vice versa*. He was elected Grand-Master on 30th November 1786, and visited most of the Edinburgh lodges in the course of that winter, beginning with the Canongate Kilwinning on 7th December. He bore the highest character for amiable manners, benevolence, generosity, and marked kindness to the lower classes; and he endeared himself to all who were honoured with his acquaintance, the whole tenor of his life being a series of kindnesses, friendship, and philanthropy.

No. 2.—LORD TORPHICHEN.

As in Freemasonry a higher brother.—*Byron*.

JAMES SANDILANDS (ninth LORD TORPHICHEN) was born 15th November 1759, and succeeded to his father's title in 1765. He was an officer in the 21st Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots Fusileers, and was one of those who had to pile their arms at Saratoga in 1777. He was initiated in the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge on the 7th December 1786, being the night of Burns' first visit. He was immediately nominated in the Grand Lodge for the office of Depute Grand-Master, and, in June following, was elected Master of the Canongate Kilwinning, and during this same year he obtained a Lieutenancy in the Coldstream Foot Guards, of which he got a company afterwards, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1790 he was chosen one of the representative peers of Scotland, and in 1795 married Ann, daughter of Sir John Inglis, Bart., of Cramond, but dying without issue in 1815, the barony devolved to his cousin, James Sandilands, who was born in 1770, and he

in 1806 married Margaret Douglas, daughter of John Stirling, Esq. of Kippendavie, of whom were born Robert, John, James, and Mary, who was married to W. Ramsay Ramsay, Esq. of Barnton. Lord Torphichen's ancestor, Sir James, second son of Sir James Sandilands of Calder, on account of his learning, and after serving at Malta, was appointed Preceptor of the *Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem*. With reference to Orders in general and their origin, it may be here not inappropriately remarked that the institution of orders of honour, or the conferring of badges of distinction by princes, potentates, or illustrious personages, as an acknowledgment of heroic achievements, illustrious birth, or of conduct or qualities of an admirable nature, may be traced to such acts as are recorded in Gen. xii. 42, Esther viii. 15. In the beginning of the eleventh century, certain merchants from Naples built a church in *Jerusalem* opposite the chapel of the Resurrection. On the side of the church they built an *Hospital* for the sick and infirm; and Godfrey of Bouillon, on conquering the city in 1099, endowed it. Gerard, the first inspector, then separated it from the jurisdiction of the abbots and monks, and established in it a congregation to the honour of *St John the Baptist*. Gerard was succeeded by Raymond du Pay, who assumed the name of Master. He laid down rules for the observance of vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. In 1130 ceremonies and costumes were introduced, and on their conquering and wresting the island of Rhodes from the hands of the infidels they were denominated *Knights*. Hence the title. They established their chief seat then at Cyprus, afterwards at Rhodes; but in 1524 Soliman II. of the

Ottoman Empire became master of their dominions, on which they went to Costra, Messina, and Rome. In 1530, however, the Emperor Charles V. gave them the island of Malta, on condition of their repressing Turkish and piratical rovers. On the suppression of the order of *Knights-Templars*, about 1312, the Knights of St John succeeded to large portions of their possessions, called in Scotland Temple-lands, and enjoyed them till the Reformation, when all religious orders were suppressed. The revenues were great, and the properties widely extending. Sir James Sandilands, their last Preceptor there, was sent to France by the Congregation-Parliament in 1560, to lay some proceedings before Francis and Mary; but the Cardinal of Lorraine loaded him with reproaches for consenting to be the bearer of propositions from *heretics*, and he was dismissed without answer. Having embraced the principles of the Reformation, he, in 1563, resigned the property into the hands of Queen Mary, and she (by her ministers) erected these into the barony of Torphichen, and granted them in his favour, in consideration of his great merit and service, and of payment of 10,000 golden crowns, with an annual rent of 500 merks.

The order of *Knights-Templars* was, by a few ordinary knights, established for the defence of the holy sepulchre against the Saracens. They took on them vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty, like regular canons, and lived on the charity of Christian lords in Palestine. King Baldwin II. of Jerusalem gave them an abode in that city, on the east of the Jewish *temple*. Hence they received the name of *Knights-Templars*. The fame of their exploits procured them increase in

numbers and valuable donations. They wore, besides their armour, white cloaks adorned with octangular blood-red crosses, to signify that they were to shed their blood in the service of the church. The order increased in importance, until its Grand-Master had the rank of a prince, equal to sovereigns, the order only acknowledging the Pope as its protector, and being independent of other ecclesiastical or secular jurisdictions, and being governed, and its estates administered, at the pleasure of the Grand-Master, who drew tithes from its vassals. Rumoured plans for the overthrow of the order, after it had acquired amazing powers and riches, began to circulate, and under the pretext of consultation for a new crusade, and for a union between the *Templars* and the *Knights of St John*, Clement V. inveigled Molay and sixty principal Templars into his power, and, in 1307, he arrested them and seized upon the estates of the order. He accused them of heresies, the worship of the devil, and practices of sorcery, and they were tried in the Inquisition at Paris by the Archbishop of Sens, and fifty-four of them burnt. They were suppressed in the other nations, and, in 1312, the Pope issued an order to treat such templars with mildness as would make confession of the crimes laid to their charge, but to have those who refused put to death. Under this edict Jac. de Molay, Grand-Master, and Guido, the Grand-Prior, were brought to the stake. On this, as already alluded to, their possessions in Scotland were transferred to the Knights of St John. King Robert Bruce is said to have been aided by the Templars on the banks of the Forth, and to have created a similar order at Cambuskenneth, after the cavalry exploit

of William Sinclair, bishop of the Caledonians. The order has been revived at different periods since, and when secret orders were prohibited, they took shelter under Masonry, as of a higher grade of that Order. But although both these Orders, in common, tend to bring or knit individuals together in the bonds of amity, yet they are essentially different in many respects. While in Masonry the members meet all on a footing of equality, "on the level," the Order of the Temple embraces various grades and distinctions. There were Men-at-Arms, Squires, &c., and a Knight is *dubbed*, not *born*. It is more select, and it is maintained on a scale of considerably greater parade. Indeed, the two Orders have no other affinity than that alluded to, of uniting members of a community in a Select Society for promoting harmony and good will. There was no *mystery* among ancient Soldiers of the Cross, and there is none in the statutes of the Order of the present day. Prior to the Rebellion of 1745 this Order was presided over by the Marquis of Tullibardine, ancestor of the Duke of Atholl. The Order was never wholly extinct in Scotland, and the fraternity in Edinburgh a few years ago conferred on James Burnes, one of the poet's Montrosian relatives, power to erect one of the two priories of them which now exist in the East Indies; and they have the priories of the Lothians, the Stirling Rock, Grenada, St John's, Kilmainham, near Dublin, and in Nova Scotia and elsewhere. In farther illustration, this notice from the Edinburgh Journals of 14th March 1846 is here inserted :—

The interesting ceremonial of installing the Grand Master and Grand Officers of this Religious and Military Order took place in the Music Hall on the evening of Wednesday the 11th instant.

The Hall was decorated with the banners of the Knights, and stalls were arranged on each side for their reception. The Grand-Master's throne was placed at the north side of the altar, under a canopy richly decorated with velvet hangings.

At eight o'clock the Procession entered the Hall. The Regent of the Order, William Burn Callander of Westertown, took his seat in a stall at the right of the throne. The Regent addressed the Chapter-General, and after passing a high eulogium on the virtues and services of the late Grand-Master, Admiral Sir David Milne of Milnegraden, G.C.B., informed the Knights that the Right Honourable Baron Glenlyon of Glenlyon had been unanimously elected to fill the vacant throne of the Order.

Lord Glenlyon was then conducted into the Hall by the Grand Officers, and after taking the usual oaths, was solemnly crowned by the officiating prelate.

The following Grand Officers and Knights of the Order were present :—John Whyte Melville of Bennoch, Preceptor; The Master of Strathallan, Constable; James Graham of Leichetown, Admiral; John Gordon of Cairnbulg, Hospitaller; Sir David Dundas, Bart. of Dunira; Chancellor; J. L. Woodman, Registrar; A. D. Campbell, Bearer of the Vexillum Beli; Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., Chamberlain; W. A. Lawrie, A.D.C., and Prior of the Preceptory in the Lothians; J. S. Hepburn of Colquhalzie; George Galbraith, Provost of Stirling; Walter Laurence, yr. of Lisreaghan, Prior of Kilmainham; Colonel Macdonald of Dalchosnie, C.B., 92d Regiment; W. B. D. D. Turnbull; Sir William Stewart of Grandtully; Captain Walter Scott, E.I.C.S.; Alexander Penrose Miller, 92d Regiment; Samuel Somerville of Ampherlaw; W. S. Steven, M.D., E.I.C.S.; D. W. Balfour Ogilvie of Tannadice; Captain Drake, 92d Regiment; Viscount Suirdale; G. P. Stanhope; William Miller of Glenlee; James Hunter, yr. of Glencarse; Viscount Kirkwall; Francis Nicoll of Costerton; W. O'Brien H. Buchanan, 92d Regiment; Captain Mackenzie, 92d Regiment; Major Thorold, 92d Regiment; Colonel Chatterton, K.H., 4th Dragoon Guards; the Master of Kilmaine; C. D. Bellew, yr. of Mount Bellew; James Horne, 71st Regiment; Major Forbes, 92d Regiment; Captain Lockhart, 92d Regiment; Captain Reczynski, &c. &c.

Fra. † Stewart Watson, Companion of the Order present, was requested to execute a picture in commemoration of the imposing ceremonial on the 11th instant.

One hundred years have just elapsed since William, Marquis of Tullibardine, ancestor of the present Grand-Master, demitted his authority to Prince Charles Edward, who was unanimously elected Grand-Master, and solemnly installed as such, in a Chapter General of the Order held in the Palace of Holyrood, on the 24th of September 1745,

No. 3.—ARCHIBALD (Eleventh) EARL OF EGLINTON.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil.—*Burns.*

ALEXANDER, the tenth Earl, was killed in a dispute about a fowlingpiece in 1769, and, dying unmarried, the honours devolved on his brother, Archibald, eleventh Earl, a military officer of rank, and one of the Representative Peers. He evinced his estimation and his patronage of Burns by subscribing for forty-two copies of the second edition. He served as an officer of a Highland Regiment in America. On his return, he was pressed by his mother to recount "the dangers he had passed" and sufferings he endured; he replied that his chief endurance was from the sting of the vegetable nettle and the animal muskito on his kilted houchs. He was married twice, but having two daughters only by his second marriage with Frances, only daughter of Sir W. Tevysden, the honours reverted, at his decease in 1796, (while a large portion of the estates devolved upon his eldest daughter, Lady Mary,) to his kinsman, Hugh Montgomerie,* the twelfth Earl of Eglinton, great-grandson of Col. James Montgomerie, fourth son of Alexander Seaton, the sixth Earl, and son of Alexander Montgomerie of Coilsfield. He was born 1740, and died in 1819. He entered the army in 1755, and served in various regiments up to the rank of colonel, and was in America with the 1st Royals when Sir Ralph Abercromby, the commander, was leading on an assault upon a fort, and was met by such a fire as paralyzed the troops. He was proceeding on, but not hearing the tramp

* See page 35.

behind, turned round as the smoke was clearing away, and exclaimed in the hearing of the captain, "What! am I to take the place myself?" The question (says Eglinton) was met by a British hurra, and the fort was carried. He was, when Burns came to Edinburgh, M. P. for Ayrshire. These lines allude to his services as soldier and as statesman :—

Thee, sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
 If bardies e'er are represented,
 I ken if that ye're *sword* were wanted,
 Ye'd lend ye're hand ;
 But when there's aught to *say* anent it,
 Ye're at a stand.

Burns' Earnest Cry and Prayer.

After this, Hugh again served in the army, and again was elected to represent the county, and held successively various government appointments. On the death of his cousin, the eleventh Earl, 1796, he succeeded to the title, and, in 1798, was elected one of the Representative Peers of Scotland, and created a baron (Ardrossan) of Great Britain and Ireland in 1806. His Lordship was a skilful player on the violin, and composed "Lady Montgomerie's Reel," the "Ayrshire Lasses," and several other popular airs. He delighted in music, and was eminently of a social disposition.

NO. 4.—THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me.—*Burns.*

JAMES CUNNINGHAM EARL OF GLENCAIRN was born

1749, and, as fourteenth Earl, he succeeded his brother in 1775, and died 1791. In 1778 he was appointed captain to a company of Lord Frederick Campbell's Regiment of Fencibles, and afterwards took orders in the Church of England. In 1785 he married Lady Isabella Erskine, daughter of David Henry, tenth Earl of Buchan, and so was the brother-in-law of the Earl of Buchan and of the Hon. H. Erskine. There being no issue, the title became extinct on his death, which took place at Coates, near Edinburgh, on the 24th September 1791. He was buried at St Outhbert's. His estate of Finlayson devolved on Graham of Gartmore, and the title of Glencairn was claimed by Ferguson of Kilkerran, as heir of line of Sir Walter Montgomerie Cunningham, and likewise Lady Heriot Don, the last Earl's sister.

Burns looked upon his Lordship as his best friend, and often alludes to him in his writings. His factor on the Finlayson estate, Ayrshire, Mr Dalziel, laid the first edition of Burns' poems before his Lordship, and he (says Cromek) declared that its merits exceeded his expectation. He took it with him in November 1786 as a literary curiosity, and communicated, through Dalziel, that he wished to know "in what way or manner he could forward his interests." Meantime Burns also had reached Edinburgh; and there, in a few days, he says, "I have found a worthy warm friend in Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield, who introduced me to Lord Glencairn, a man whose worth and brotherly kindness to me I shall remember when time shall be no more. By his interest it is passed in the Caledonian Hunt that they are to take each a copy of the second edition, for which they are to pay one

guinea." Having been by his tutor made intimate with Mr Creech, to him his Lordship applied to undertake the publication of the second edition.

NO. 5.—THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Praise from thy lips 'tis mine with joy to boast,
They best can give it who deserve it most.—*Burns.*

DAVID EARL OF BUCHAN was born 1742, died 1829. On finishing his education at the Glasgow University he joined the army. In 1776 he was appointed secretary to the British embassy in Spain, and next year, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the title and estates, and returned home. He took an active share in the formation of the Antiquarian Society, for whom he prepared several contributory lectures; and he published a volume containing essays on the lives of Fletcher and Saltoun, and of James Thomson the poet, and also contributed to various periodicals of the day. In politics he gloried in being a suspected character by the *powers that were*, and he was in the habit of posting his letters without sealing them. He was elected Grand-Master Mason 30th November 1782, and visited the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge repeatedly afterwards. He wears the jewel of the *Past* Grand-Master. When Burns arrived in Edinburgh, he resided in No. 1, St Andrew Square, but in the month of March following he retired to his seat at Dryburgh. During the evening of the Inauguration of 1st March, he addressed a note to Burns, containing a patronizing advice to excite his muse by a visit to his

classic country. In the picture, his Lordship is represented as handing his letter to Alexander Cunningham, who occupies the seat next to that which Burns always resorted to. Burns seems to have traced in it a modicum of the Earl's attributed characteristic,* for he replies—"I wish for nothing more than to make a leisurely pilgrimage.

* * But in the midst of these enthusiastic reveries, a long-visaged, dry, moral-looking phantom slides across my imagination, and pronounces these emphatic words, 'I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence.' * * *

Now that your dear-loved Scotia puts it in your power to return to the situation of your forefathers, will you follow these Will-o'-wisp meteors of fancy and whim, till they bring you once more to the brink of ruin?" Again his Lordship wrote him in 1791, intimating a grand festive commemoration of the poet of the *Seasons*, to take place on his Lordship's grounds at Ednam on the 22d September, on which occasion the bust of Thomson was to be crowned by the Earl with bays. Burns could not resist the appeal to his muse on behalf of this sweet Bard, and so he transmitted the "Address to the Shade of Thomson," but, along with it, he wrote the Earl that, "a week or two's absence in the very middle of my harvest is what I much doubt I dare not venture on."

* It is said that he once crossed Prince's street arm in arm with an artist, and on parting announced to him that his fortune was now secured, as he had so been seen with the Earl of Buchan.

II.—DEPUTE-MASTER'S GROUP.



No. 6.—CHARLES MORE, of the Royal Bank.

May secrecy round the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.—*Burns.*

Mr MORE, as has been shewn, was at this time *Depute-Master* of the Lodge. He also held office in the Royal-Arch branch of the order, and was attached to masonry. He is represented as the centre of the group on the Chairman's right. His society was courted by persons of rank and distinction, on account of his address and agreeable manners.

No. 7.—PATRICK MILLER.

Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard ;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.—*Burns.*

PATRICK MILLER of Dalswinton, 18, Nicolson Square, was brother of William Miller of Glenlee, and son of Sir Thomas Miller, sometime Lord Justice-Clerk, and afterwards Lord President of the

Supreme Court. He was initiated in this lodge on the 12th February 1765. Though bred a banker, he applied himself chiefly to scientific pursuits, being the first to propose the application of steam to navigation, and having in the course of this year (1786-7) presented to the Trinity House, Leith, a plan of a triple vessel, with the proportions, for the approval of naval architecture. In the Kilmarnock edition, "The Vision" drew his attention to the author, as these words occur in reference to his father and his property, called Barskimming, near Tarbolton—

Through many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
Fit haunt for friendship or for love,
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

Ten days after the poet's arrival in Edinburgh, and after he had been seen by Mr Miller in the lodge, the latter sent him anonymously £10; and on the 13th December Burns writes—"I drank a glass of claret with him, by invitation, at his own house, yesternight." Mr Miller, then, with reference to the desire of Burns, as to his future mode of life, offered him his choice of a farm, on his own terms, upon the estate of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, which he had just then purchased. Burns, in the course of the following June, selected Ellisland, and took possession of it during the following spring, 1788. Mr Miller's son is referred to in the "Five Carlins," as a candidate for the House of Commons—

He wadna hecht them courtly gift,
Nor meikle speech pretend,
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert a friend.

No. 8.—JAMES DALRYMPLE of Orangefield.

They hae ta'en awa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'.

This gentleman inherited the estate of Orangefield from his forefathers. It is situated near Irvine, in the parish of Monkton. At some distance from the parish church, there is the burial-place of the family. This parish is united with that of Prestwick. Dalrymple's father, Charles Dalrymple of Orangefield, was admitted a burgess of the burgh of Prestwick in November 1742, of which he was chosen chancellor. It is a small village, but possesses singular ancient *privileges*, which, like others of the sort, proved detrimental to its prosperity. James, on succeeding to his father, became famous as a leader in convivial society; presiding at public dinners, singing exquisite songs in mason lodges, &c. He was one always required to complete a jolly circle, and always to be had. From these circumstances, Burns became known to him before the visit to Edinburgh; and, as has been already shewn by his letters of 7th and 13th December 1786, this gentleman was the first to take him by the hand and lead him into every variety of *Life in Edinburgh*.* Ultimately, Mr

* There was another James Dalrymple of the same and an after period brother of the Col. Dalrymple, who, as already shewn, was introduced during the night of the Inauguration. These were of the HAILLIS' and LOGIE ELPHINSTONE extraction. This person got the familiar appellation of Jamie Dalrymple. He, too, was a distinguished convivialist. He was besides remarkable for always possessing the best horse that could be seen. His appearance as a horseman, and the animal he rode, drew the attention of George IV. during his Majesty's sojourn in Edinburgh, and a royal message was despatched to ask what Dalrymple would part with his horse for? "A Peerage, and L.1000 a-year," was the reply.

Dalrymple contracted a marriage, which caused dissatisfaction, and, at his death, his creditors brought his estate to a judicial sale.

NO. 9.—SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD.

Thou who thine honour and thy God rever'st ;
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st.
Burns.

He inherited the estates of Whitefoord and Ballochmyle, in Ayrshire. By the failure of the banking establishment of Douglass, Heron, and Company, and by the mismanagement of Sir John's predecessor on the estates, he was under the necessity of disposing of them during the autumn of 1786, at the very time when his more humble neighbour, Burns, was wandering, "pining and distrustful," through his plantations, where he met, in similar circumstances, and, perhaps, in similar mood, Maria Whitefoord, the heroine thenceforth of the song of "The Braes of Ballochmyle." Dr Mackenzie of Mauchline had introduced Burns to Sir John, and the latter happened to come to Edinburgh about the same time, to take up his residence, no longer at Whitefoord House, Canongate, but at No. 23, St Andrew Square, where he continued his friendship for Burns. Sir John was initiated in the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, 12th February 1765, and was elected Senior *Grand* Warden 1765-6. He was a regular attender of the meetings. In December 1787 Burns wrote him some remarks in the poetical character, with thanks for kind patronage.

No. 10.—SIR W. FORBES of Pitsligo, Bart.

Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim.—*Burns.*

SIR WILLIAM was born at Edinburgh 5th April 1739, died 12th November 1806. He was descended of the younger branch of the ancient family of Monymusk, on Donside, Aberdeenshire, and by his paternal grandmother, from the still older family of the Lords Pitsligo of that county. His father, a barrister, died when he was four years of age, and he was educated in Aberdeen, under the care of his mother. He was, in 1754, apprenticed to Messrs Coutts, bankers, Edinburgh, who afterwards admitted him as a partner. On the death of one of the Messrs Coutts, in 1763, a new company was formed, consisting of Sir William, Sir James Hunter Blair, and Sir R. Herries, the last of whom retired in 1773, on which the firm was changed to Forbes, Hunter, & Co. In 1770 he married Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Haig. He took an active interest in the promotion of the leading public charitable, educational, literary, and commercial institutions of Edinburgh, and maintained an intimacy with the distinguished personages of his day, both in London and Scotland. He published a life of Dr Beattie—a work embracing interesting descriptions and correspondence of the first literary and otherwise distinguished characters of the last century. He was heir of the peerage of Pitsligo, which, however, was forfeited at the rebellion of 1715, but on the death of his uncle, the last Lord's son, in 1782, he succeeded to the designation and arms of Pitsligo, and to the lands

of the lower barony, having previously acquired by purchase the greater part of the upper barony. Sir William was of a social character—he commanded a fund of anecdote—and had great conversational powers. He was initiated in the C. K. L. on 16th November 1759, and at subsequent periods served as presiding Master, and in other offices both in that and in the Grand Lodge. At the masonic meetings he had the opportunity of knowing Burns personally, and subscribed for forty copies of the second edition. This is a passage from Sir William's address to the Grand Lodge on St CLAIR of Roslin's death:—

The uncertainty of life is of all reflections the most obvious ; yet, though the most important, it is unhappily too often the most neglected. What a damp would come over our spirits, what agitations would be raised even in this assembly, were the book of fate to be unrolled to our view. If Providence should permit us to penetrate this moment into futurity, and to foresee the fate of ourselves and others only to the end of the present year, some of us, who, perhaps, suppose death to be at a great distance, would see him already at the very door. Some who, in full security are dreaming of a long course of years yet to come, would find that they have already entered on their last ; and that, before it come to a close, they, like our departed brother, shall be mingled with the dust. A great part of this assembly, by the course of nature, will probably survive a little longer ; but it is morally certain that some of us, before the sun has made another annual revolution, will be removed hence to that unchangeable state, where our doom will be fixed for ever. And although Heaven has wrapped in impenetrable darkness who they are that shall pass through the vale of the shadow of death, during that short period, in order that we may all live in a state of habitual preparation, yet who can have the presumption to say that he himself shall not be the first to visit

“ That undiscover'd country,
From whose bourne no traveller returns.”

III.—SECRETARY'S GROUP.



No. 11.—JOHN MERCER, *Secretary*.

JOHN MERCER, Writer, Gabriel's Road, at this time Secretary of the Lodge, is represented with his face turned to the poet.

No. 12.—WILLIAM MASON, *Grand Secretary*.

The law laid down from age to age
How can they well o'ercome it?
For it forbids them to engage
With aught but line and plummet.

*Ferguson, on seeing Scales used in a
Mason Lodge.*

This gentleman was a Writer at the Bowhead, and held the situation of extractor of the decisions of the Supreme Court. He likewise held the situation of *Grand Secretary* in the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and, as such, was in the practice of visiting the various other lodges in and about Edinburgh in rotation. At these formal visits the Grand-Master took the chair, superseding, for the time, the ordinary presiding Master of the lodge. Mr Meikle, by this time promoted as assistant-clerk of Court, was *Grand Clerk* of the Grand Lodge. This fat pair were, in their legal official capacity, accustomed to the use of

words of strict style in all their writings, and they transferred the same dry formality in the exercise of their *masonic* duties. On the occasion of the grand visits, it fell to their province to insert in the book of the lodge visited a minute of the fact, and this they did as if they copied it from a *style-book* in a regular *stick-to-the-form* manner. Hence you may “witness our hand” for a series of years in every Edinburgh lodge, whoever was Grand-Master, or whoever were present, or whatsoever were the sayings or doings, or occurrences of the night. “Wherever they happen to be for the time,” you have invariably their grand-scratchitaryship’s telling the identical tale that they told in St Andrew’s Lodge on Friday the 12th* January 1787, when Charteris pleased the poet so much by acknowledging him as Caledonia’s Bard. Here it is:—“Edin. 12 Jan. 1787.—This evening, the lodge being duly constituted by the Right Worshipful Master—Thereafter the Most Worshipful [*Francis Charteris, junior, of Amisfield*, Grand Master-Mason of Scotland; the Right Worshipful *Fletcher Norton*, Depute Master, p.t.; the Right Worshipful *Thomas Hay*, Substitute Grand-Master; *James Home*, and *Adam Gillies*, Grand Wardens, p.t.;] William Mason, Grand Secretary, and Robert Meikle, Grand Clerk, preceded by the Lodge of Grand Stewards, in their proper clothing, were pleased to favour this lodge with a visit, when he was received with that respect due to the dignity of his high office and distinguished rank; and, having taken the chair, delivered a suitable charge

* Burns, by mistake, makes it 13th

to the brethren, which was received with the highest tokens of applause and approbation. The lodge on this occasion was visited by brethren from the following lodges, viz.:—[*Canongate and Leith, Leith and Canongate, St James', Ruglen Royal Arch, and St Stephen's, Edinburgh:*] To all whom the proper compliments were paid, and due returns made.

FRANCIS CHARTERIS, G.M.

FLET. NORTON, D.G.M. *p.t.*

THOMAS HAY, S.G.M.

WILL. MASON, G. Sec. JAMES HOME, S.G.W. *p.t.*

RO. MEIKLE, G. Cl. ADAM GILLIES, J.G.W. *p.t.*"

Brother Mason is characteristically represented viewing the *Inauguration* as rather calculated to "hold up *Adam's* profession," and *anti-masonic*, and something for which there is no precedent in the books. It may be readily supposed that after a consultation with the Grand Clerk and with Secretary Mercer as to a style for recording such a fact, it would be finally resolved, "by three," that the *least said's soonest mended*.

No. 13.—ROBERT MEIKLE.

Fair fa' your honest sonsie face.—*Burns*.

The counterfeit presentment of two BROTHERS.—*Shakspeare*.

Mention has been made of this gentleman in the last article, and he is *for once* absent from a masonic meeting, by being excluded from the picture; for though, according to his own legal jargon, he was such "a full double to the will" for attend-

ing all masonic meetings, yet he was also, unfortunately, a *full double* in fat of the Grand Secretary, and the artist refused him admittance on any terms. Open to conviction, however, and being assured, *first*, that this official in the olden time was never absent; *secondly*, that the point in fellowship with his *fellow-Mason* could not be spared; and, *thirdly*, being accustomed to a seat in Court at the foot of Monboddie, he might be stowed behind his Lordship's chair—the point was carried; and, by the grand compass, (!!) there he squatted, sure enough, like an unmasonic boulder. But, on the motion of the respected Grand Secretary of the present day, seconded by his *Fra. Mag. Sec. Mil. Templi*, Meikle is *painted out*. It fell to his province officially to enter the names of all masons in the *Grand Lodge* books as they were reported from other lodges. This duty seems to have been very loosely performed by him, as his more business-like and accurate successors had to supply his omissions. The name of *Robert Burns* does not appear in the books of the Grand Lodge, though that of his brother, Gilbert,* is entered along with those of Gavin Hamilton, Charles Shaw, &c.

* Gilbert Burns became a factor in East Lothian, and survived the poet about forty years. He says Robert's introduction to the mysteries of masonry was in *St Mary's*, Tarbolton, and by John Rankin, and that this was Robert's first introduction to the life of a boon companion. He further remarks that Robert was at a masonic meeting one night in Tarbolton, when the village *Dominie* made an ostentatious display of his *medical* skill. The poet applied to him the epithet of *Dr Hornbook*, by way of censure; and, after parting, his muse, on the road homie, gave vent to "Death and Dr Hornbook."

No. 14.—LORD MONBODDO.

If wisdom, learning, worth, demand a tear,
 Weep o'er the dust of great Monboddo here :
 A judge upright, to mercy still inclined,
 A nervous friend, a father fond and kind.

James Tytler.—See No. 28.

JAMES BURNET LORD MONBODDO, St John Street, born 1714 and died 1779. His father was proprietor of the estates of Monboddo, in Kincardineshire. His Lordship was educated at Laurencekirk and King's College, Aberdeen, and, to prepare himself for the bar, he went to Edinburgh. His first night's rest there was disturbed by the *Porteous Mob*, which, from curiosity, he was drawn into, and so witnessed the murder, which is so graphically described in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." He was called to the bar in 1737, and appointed a Lord of Session in 1767. While a member of the Scotch bar, he was, on 21st November 1759, initiated in this lodge. In 1774 he published the first, and in winter 1786-7 the fourth, volume of *The Origin and Progress of Language*. Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind had suggested to him the idea that before men used language they conversed together by *signs*. It does not appear whether it was to increase his knowledge on that point that he took so great an interest in masonry! He was frank, kind, and social in his disposition, and was in the habit once a-week of entertaining a party, selected with reference not to rank or status, but to intelligence, or the possession of any striking trait of a pleasing nature. These he called learned suppers. It was probably at one of these, if not in the lodge,

that Burns was introduced, and, it is said, by Mr Smellie. Before the poet had been four weeks in Edinburgh, he writes, 27th December, that he had had the honour to be entertained more than once at Monboddo's house. The first night he was taken there along with one Hugh Chisholm, an old man who had followed Prince Charles Stuart in 1746; and the lines to "Fair B——," his Lordship's daughter, were then composed, and, on her death, the *Elegy*, with this expression—

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore, the brightest jewel set.

He continued to befriend Burns in every way. In the painting he is represented as conversing with Henry Erskine on Burns' appearance. He was distinguished as a learned and acute judge, though of much singularity of opinion and character, which appeared both in the doctrines contained in his writings, in the strain of his conversation, and in his convivial intercourse and the habits of his life. He was ridiculed by smaller minds than his own on account of his "suppers after the manner of the ancients," and of the curious disquisitions in which he laboriously indulged in his great work referred to.

To this day, the mention of his name never fails to illicit the observation that he is the person who gave out that *men were originally born with tails*. After referring to many ancient and modern authorities, and stating all that had been gathered on the subject from navigators and travellers, he observes—"I am convinced that we have not yet discovered all the variety of nature, not even in our own species; and the most incredible thing, in my apprehension, that could be told, supposing

there were no facts to contradict it, would be, that all the men in the different parts of the earth were the same in size, figure, shape, and colour. I am, therefore, disposed to believe, upon credible evidence, that there are still greater varieties in our species than what is mentioned by travellers." After his "*eccentricity*" in this respect has been commented upon for fifty-eight years, we have the author of *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* explaining:—"The limbs of all the vertebrate animals are on one plan, however various they may appear. In the hind leg of a horse, for example, the angle, called the hock, is the same part which in us forms the heel; and the horse and all other quadrupeds, with the solitary exception of the bear, walk in reality upon what answers to the toes of a human being. In this and many other quadrupeds the forepart of the extremities is shrunk up in a hoof, as *the tail of the human being* is shrunk up in the bony mass at the bottom of the back."

NO. 15.—THE HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE.

This Hall for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered.

* * *

Collected Harry stood a wee,
Then opened out his arm;
His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' ee,
An' eyed the gatherin' storm;
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents o'er a linn.
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half wauken'd wi' the din.—*Burns.*

HENRY ERSKINE, 27 Prince's Street, Edinburgh,
was born 1746 and died in 1817. He was the third.

son of Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan. Erskine's father died in 1767, and the Countess Dowager Agnes, daughter of Sir James Stewart of Coltness and Goodtrees, Bart., a pious and accomplished woman, superintended the progress of her three sons, and she lived to see Thomas and Henry the brightest ornaments of the English and Scotch bars. He and his brother Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor of England, were pecuniarily indebted, during their early years, to their brother the Earl. (No. 5.) He was called to the bar in 1765, and soon reached the top of his profession. He was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and twice, under Whig administrations, held the office of Lord Advocate for Scotland. His talents were of the most brilliant order. He was reckoned the greatest wit of his age, and he possessed polished manners, an imagination warm and ardent, a judgment ripe and precocious, and it was said of him, "There's nae a puir man in Scotland need want a friend or fear a foe while Harry Erskine lives." He was initiated in the Canongate Kilwinning, and filled the chair in 1780. During subsequent years it so happened that the leading Whigs attended that lodge. Observing, as he must have done, by perusing the first edition, that Burns would be quite at home in a lodge, Mr Erskine introduced him. Hence Burns' letters of 7th and 13th December 1786. Henry cultivated the muse. These verses (which might be supposed to allude prophetically to Burns and his kindred sentiments) are from Mr Erskine's FABLE of—

The Sensitive Plant and Nettle.

How oft, neglected and forlorn,
 Do high-sprung worth and merit lie,
 While wealth and power, though basely born,
 Lift their unworthy heads on high ?

How oft are sense and genius bright
 Denied the *poor* reward of praise ;
 How many modest merit slight,
 While gilded dulness wears the bays ?

His bosom wrung with anguish keen,
 How oft we meet the slighted youth,
 On whose pale cheek too well is seen
 That wealth prevails o'er love and truth.

The patriot's worth, the poet's fires,
 And science fair, neglected die ;
 Sweet charity herself expires,
 Nor shuts one grateful hand her eye.

Yet droop not thou, whom fate unkind,
 Poor and unknown has doom'd to dwell ;
 The muse thy lone retreat shall find,
 Shall visit oft thy humble cell.

To soothe with hope thy humble state,
 ' To keep alive fair virtue's fires,
 Read (and un murmuring yield to fate)
 The simple tale the muse inspires :—

On the hard, bleak, and barren mould
 The Plant for soft Sensation known,
 'Twas thus the tale a florist told,
 Was dropt unshelter'd and alone.

From the rude wind and dashing rain
 Instinctive shrunk its tender leaf ;
 For shelter while it sought in vain,
 Low hung its head in silent grief.

Its humble plight and look forlorn
 Soon caught a neighbouring Nettle's eyes,
 That lately, on the light breeze borne,
 Midst Flora's favourites dar'd to rise.

"Avaunt !" th' ungenerous upstart cried,
 "Nor taint with sighs the balmy air
 "That fans the garden's flowery pride,
 "Where I am fairest of the fair.

‘ In vain, of destiny severe,
 “ Or, envying me, of fate complain ;
 “ Justly it arm’d and placed me here,
 “ And justly *thus* bids me remain.”

Thus spoke the Nettle, proud and sour,
 While zephyr sigh’d along the beds ;
 A tear stood bright on every flow’r,
 And pity bow’d their lovely heads.

“ Proud weed !” the gentle sufferer said,
 “ That look’st on humble worth with scor
 “ Thy malice shall behold me dead
 “ Ere joyful dawns another morn.
 “ Yet know, though thus I early fall,
 “ No hidden crimes have work’d my fate :
 “ ’Tis fortune, blind alike to all,
 “ That ruins me, and makes thee great.

“ The glorious orb, whose genial ray
 “ Call’d into life thy boasted form,
 “ Low in the dust thy pride can lay,
 “ And save my weakness from the storm.”

He spoke. The sun was gliding low,
 And damps hung heavy in the air,
 The florist ’gan his rounds to go,
 To guard from harm his flowery care.

With scorn the Nettle’s worthless root,
 From its warm seat, he instant tore,
 And in its place the sufferer put,
 Ne’er to know pain or sorrow more.

During the latter years of his life, Mr Erskine constructed a beautiful villa at Avondale, and created the scenery around it in conformity with his own taste, and withdrew from practice. There occurs, in the *Edinburgh Review*, in a tribute to his memory from the pen of Lord Jeffrey, these remarks :—“The writer of this article has witnessed, with pleasure and astonishment, the widely different emotions excited by the amazing powers of his oratory ; fervid and affecting in the extremest degree, when the occasion called for it, and no

less powerful, in opposite circumstances, by the potency of wit and the brilliancy of comic humour, which constantly excited shouts of laughter throughout the precincts of the court, the mirthful glee even extending itself to the ermined sages, who found too much amusement in the scene to check the fascinating actor of it. In person Mr Erskine was above the middle size, well proportioned, but slender ; his features were all characteristic, and most strikingly expressive of the rare qualities of his mind. It is doubtful whether a *good* portrait of him actually exists, but the chisel of Turnerelli has happily supplied this omission."

A portrait was afterwards engraved, of which, among others, there is a copy in the lodge.

IV.—TREASURER'S GROUP.

No. 16—GEORGE SPANKIE, *Treasurer*.

Ye dainty Deacons, and ye dounce Conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners.—*Burns*.

GEORGE SPANKIE, Grocer, High Street, Edinburgh, was at the time Treasurer of this Lodge. He held the office of treasurer to the Charity Work-House of Edinburgh for many years.

No. 17.—BARON NORTON, Norton Place.

FLETCHER NORTON was the son of Fletcher Norton the speaker of the House of Commons, who, on an occasion of presenting some money bills to the House of Lords, expressed a wish to the Sovereign in person, that what his faithful Commons had granted liberally, his Majesty might expend economically. *The Speaker* was raised to the peerage as Lord Grantley, Baron of Markenfield, in 1782, and in 1766 his son was appointed one of the barons of the Scotch Court of Exchequer. He was a member of the Canongate Kilwinning, and officiated as Grand Warden in January 1787, when Burns was so pleased to be recognised as Caledonia's bard. He was thus officially connected

with Henry Mackenzie. He married Miss Balmain, daughter of James Balmain, commissioner of excise, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Fletcher, succeeded to the peerage; the second, George Chapelle, was appointed recorder of Guildford, and a police magistrate, who married the beautiful and highly gifted Catherine Elizabeth Sarah, daughter of Thomas Sheridan. The other sons greatly distinguished themselves, and the daughters are celebrated for their beauty and superior attainments. Baron Norton was an eminently accomplished gentleman, and was exceedingly kind as the patron of deserving merit. He took an interest in the *Albyn's Anthology*, by A. Campbell, vocalist, and procured for it the patronage of the Royal Highland Society, and for that purpose recommended it to the notice of his friend, Mr H. Mackenzie. He died 19th June 1820. It is remarkable that his coadjutors, other three barons of the Exchequer Court, died during the same year—viz., Lord Chief Baron Dundas, Buchan Hepburn, and Archibald Cockburn.

NO. 18.—HENRY MACKENZIE.

Be thine the task the lawless to control,
 To touch the gentler movements of the soul;
 To bid the breast with generous ardour glow;
 To teach the tear of sympathy to flow.

Creech's Fugitive Pieces.

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.—*Burns.*

HENRY MACKENZIE was born on that day in August 1745 that first saw Prince Charles

Stuart on the shores of Scotland. His father was Dr Joshua Mackenzie of Edinburgh. After being educated at the High School and University of that city, he was placed in a law department of the Exchequer of Scotland. In 1775 he went to London to study the modes of English Exchequer practice. On his return he first became partner, and afterwards successor, to Mr Inglis, in the office of attorney for the Crown in the Exchequer Court. While in London, he sketched *The Man of Feeling*. His next publications were *The Man of the World* and *Julia de Roubigne*. In 1777-8 he became a member of a society of which Lord Craig, the uncle of Burns' Clarinda, was a member. At their meetings they read essays of their composition in the manner of the *Spectator*. From this arose *The Mirror*, and which was succeeded by the *Lounger*, begun 6th February 1785, and ending 6th January 1787, published in weekly numbers. He was author of these tragedies and comedies:—*The Prince of Tunis*, *Spanish Father*, *Shipwreck*, or *Fatal Curiosity*, *Force of Fashion*, and *White Hypocrite*. Sir Walter Scott, in writing of his villain, SENDAL, remarks—"The picture is so horrid, that we should be disposed to deny its truth, did we not unhappily know that sensual indulgence, in the words of Burns—

Hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feelings."

It was to Mackenzie that the GREAT UNKNOWN dedicated *Waverley*. Burns had only been a week in Edinburgh when the number for Saturday, 9th December 1786, from Mackenzie's pen, appear-

ed, containing this criticism of his Kilmarnock edition :—

Surprising effects of Original Genius, exemplified in the Poetical Productions of ROBERT BURNS, an Ayrshire Ploughman.

To the feeling and the susceptible there is something wonderfully pleasing in the contemplation of genius, of that supereminent reach of mind by which some men are distinguished. In the view of highly superior talents, as in that of great and stupendous natural objects, there is a sublimity which fills the soul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its usual bounds, and which, investing our nature with extraordinary powers and extraordinary honours, interests our curiosity and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worship, is best arrayed in the darkness of distant and remote periods, and is not easily acknowledged in the present times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Exclusive of all the deductions which envy or jealousy may sometimes be supposed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of persons around us, not very consistent with the lofty ideas which we wish to form of him who has led captive our imagination in the triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of passion, or enlightened our reason with the investigation of hidden truths. It may be true that, "in the olden time," genius had some advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth; but it is not unlikely that, even in these degenerate days, it rises much oftener than it is observed; that in "the ignorant present time" our posterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory those honours which their contemporaries have denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and, indeed, a fortunate vanity in trying to redress this wrong which genius is exposed to suffer. In the discovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the same fond partiality as in all other discoveries which themselves have made; and hence we have had repeated instances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obscure situations, and held forth to public notice and applause, by the extravagant encomiums of their introducers, yet in a short time have sunk again to their former obscurity; whose merit, though perhaps somewhat neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not support, by its own intrinsic excellence, the superior place which the enthusiasm of its patrons would have assigned it.

I know not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of

our own country, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted; but, if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The person to whom I allude is *Robert Burns*, an Ayrshire ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a country town in the west of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame—the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used, is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader; in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary as nearly to destroy the pleasure.

Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave style, are almost English. From one of those I shall first present my readers with an extract, in which I think they will discover a high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and the voice of a poet. 'Tis from his poem entitled the *Vision*, in which the genius of his native county, Ayrshire, is thus supposed to address him:—

With future hope, I oft' would gaze, &c.

Of strains like the above, solemn and sublime, with that rapt and inspired melancholy in which the poet lifts his eye “above this visible diurnal sphere,” the poems entitled, *Despondency*, *The Lament*, *Winter*, a *Dirge*, and the *Invocation to Ruin*, afford, to less striking examples. Of the tender and the moral, specimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verses entitled *Man was Made to Mourn*, from *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, the stanzas *To a Mouse*, or those *To a Mountain Daisy*, on turning it down with the plough in April 1786. This

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last poem I shall insert entire, not from its superior merit, but because its length suits the bounds of my paper :—

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower, &c.

I have seldom met with an image more truly pastoral than that of the lark in the second stanza. Such strokes as these mark the pencil of the poet, which delineates Nature with the precision of intimacy, yet with the delicate colouring of beauty and of taste.

The power of genius is not less admirable in tracing the manners than in painting the passions or in drawing the scenery of Nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like *Shakspeare* discerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easier to see the truth than to assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to *Shakspeare*, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his *Dialogue of the Dogs*, his *Dedication to G—— H——, Esq.*, his *Epistles to a Young Friend*, and *To W. S——n*, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, has looked upon men and manners.

Against some passages of those last-mentioned poems it has been objected that they breathe a spirit of libertinism and irreligion. But, if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that pernicious sort which sets *faith* in opposition to *good works*, the fallacy and danger of which so enlightened as our poet's could not but perceive, we shall not look upon his lighter muse as the enemy of religion (of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments,) though she has been somewhat unguarded in her ridicule of hypocrisy.

In this, as in other respects, it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have suppressed, or correction struck out; but poets are seldom cautious, and our poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and to please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my

own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek, under a West Indian clime, that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and to do my country no more than justice when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "wood-notes wild" possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit, to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

Speaking of Mr Mackenzie, the author of *Peter's Letters*, published in 1820, says, "I have never seen a finer specimen, both in appearance and manners, of the gentleman of the last age. In his youth he must have been a perfect model of manly beauty; and, indeed, no painter could select a more exquisite subject for his art even now. His hair combed back from his forehead, and highly powdered; his long queue, his lace ruffles, his suit of snuff-coloured cloth, cut in the old liberal way, with long flaps to his waistcoat, his high-heeled shoes, and rich stout buckles—everything was in perfect unison in all the fashion of his age." "Venerable and venerated (says Sir W. Scott) as the last link in the chain which connected the Scottish literature of the present age with the period when there were giants in the land—the days of Robertson, Hume, Smith, Home, Clerk, and Ferguson—Mr Mackenzie long lived the ornament and pride of his native city." He died in January 1831.

No. 19.—LORD KENMURE.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine !
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's bluid
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.—*Burns.*

The. Hon. WILLIAM GORDON, (LORD KENMURE,) born about 1763, died 21st September 1840. He was of an ancient and illustrious family, A William Gordon, son of Sir Adam Gordon of Gordon, a contemporary of King Robert Bruce, succeeded to his father in the lands of Glenkers, who had acquired them in 1297. Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, tenth in descent from William, was, by Charles I., in 1633, created Viscount Kenmure. William, the sixth Viscount, was leader of the insurrection of 1715, for which he was beheaded on Towerhill. His forfeited estate was bought by his widow, and by the time that their son came of age, she was enabled to present it to him free of debt. The peerage was restored to this Lord Kenmure in 1824. On the 7th December, when Burns made his first appearance, Mr Gordon was assumed as a member of this lodge, and attended the meetings throughout the winter. His interest in Burns is evinced by his subscribing largely for the second edition,

No. 20.—ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest mead a friend's esteem and praise.—*Burns.*

ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, born 1763, died 1814, was bred to the profession of Writer to the Signet,

but on the death of his brother, a jeweller, he took up that business. He was a connexion of the Glencairn family, and on the death of the last Earl it was said he had a claim to the dormant Earldom. His name was used in the racy pasquinade on the Judges of the Court of Session, by George Cranston, (Lord Corehouse,) in the shape of the *advising* of a fictitious law suit, Alexander Cunningham, jeweller, *versus* James Russel, surgeon, and professor of clinical surgery, in which damages were sought for calling the pursuers' diamond beetle an Egyptian louse. After leaving Edinburgh Burns wrote him:—"Cruikshank is a glorious production of the Author of man. You and he, and the noble Colonel of the Chro Callan Fencibles, are to me

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

I have a good mind to make verses on you all to the tune of 'Three good fellows ayont the glen.'"

Cunningham was nephew to Dr Robertson the historian. The instructive and interesting letters to Cunningham by Burns, shew that the latter set a high value upon his critical acumen. To him he sent the earliest *proof* of his *Tam o' Shanter*. To him he submitted his songs, down to the last. He admired Cunningham's voice and taste in singing; and "in all kinds of poetic composition, (said he,) I set great store by your opinion; but in sentimental verses, in the poetry of the heart, no Roman Catholic ever set more value on the Holy Fathers than I do on yours." He was a member of St Luke's Lodge. On the poet's death his punchbowl of Inverary marble was presented by Gilbert to Cunningham.

V.—SENIOR WARDEN'S GROUP.



No. 21.—WILLIAM DUNBAR, *Senior Warden*.

I cannily keeket ben,
Rattlin' roarin' Willie
Was sittin' at yon board en.

Burns' Song on Dunbar.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, Writer to the Signet, 18 Prince's Street, was the son of Alexander Dunbar, Esq. of Boath, Nairnshire, and younger brother of James Dunbar, Professor in the Aberdeen College. The family is now represented by Sir Frederick William Dunbar, Bart. of Boath. William died unmarried. He was, when Burns came to Edinburgh, Senior Warden of the C. K. Lodge, and was, in June 1787, elected Depute, and next year succeeded Lord Torphichen as Master. On the Monday following the Inauguration Burns thus acknowledges his present of Spencer—"I have not met with a man in Edinburgh to whom I would so willingly have been indebted for the gift. * * * The time is approaching when I shall return to my shades; and I am afraid my numerous Edinburgh friendships are of so tender a construction that they will not bear carriage with me. Yours is one of the few that I could wish of a more robust constitution. It is, indeed, very probable that, when

I leave this city, we part never more to meet in this sublunary sphere; but I have a strong fancy that in some future eccentric planet, the comet of happier systems than any with which astronomy is yet acquainted, you and I, among the harum-scarum sons of imagination and whim, with a hearty shake of the hand, a metaphor, and a laugh, shall recognise old acquaintance—

Where wit may sparkle all its rays
Uncurs'd with cautious fears;
That pleasure, basking in the blaze,
Rejoice for endless years.

Burns at the same time presented him with some what he calls “tattered rhymes,” as a mark of esteem, but what they were does not appear. Dunbar was the “colonel of the Chro Callan Fencibles,” a sort of club of which Mr George Thomson in his collection of songs, many of which were contributed by Burns, gives this account:—

Mrs Grant tells the story of a maid, who, desirous to magnify the importance of her lover, Colin, described him as possessing large herds; but this she does metaphorically, and it turns out that his herds were only the mountain deer. The Highland song, *Chro Callan*, or “The Cattle of Colin,” was founded on this story. It was in use to be sung by a Highlander, named Daniel Douglas, to the guests of his tavern, which was situated near the top of Anchor Close, off the High Street of Edinburgh. The tavern was frequented by the principal men of Edinburgh, and particularly by advocates of the Scotch bar; and when bands of citizens came to be formed for defence against the dangers arising from the American war, such as the *Defensive Band*, the

bibbers of Douglas' tavern, in allusion to that circumstance and to the name of the Highland song, designated themselves the *Chro Callan Fencibles*. In pursuance of this cognomen, the members were severally described, such as, William Dunbar, *Colonel*, Wil. Smellie, (No. 34,) *Recorder* and *Hangman*. Lord Craig, (one of the Judges of the Supreme Court,) *Provost*, &c. In farther explanation of what follows, it may here be remarked that, in 1785, Vincent Lunardi, the celebrated æronaut, visited Scotland, and ascended in his balloon from the green at Heriot's Hospital. He passed over the city and eastward to North Berwick, then crossed the mouth of the Frith of Forth and landed at Ceres. He was received by Mr Clark Dishington, and some wags at Anstruther, who had instituted a club there, called "The Beggar's Benison." Lunardi gives an account of his reception in his "Scottish Adventures," and also the burthen of a song he heard there descriptive of Dishington—

Whose wig was like a droukit hen,
Igo and ago!
The tail o't like a geese's pen,
Iram coram dago.

On Lunardi's return, he recounted his adventures among the Edinburgh spirits; and the minutes of St Andrew's Lodge bear that they were visited on 14th October 1785, by many others, as "also by the renowned Brother, Vincent Lunardi, Esquire, the first aerial *navigator* that has appeared in this city." The Chro Callan corps—Lunardi's chorus—and the Inauguration, furnished the subject of these rhymes, which refer in particular to the meeting of the several parties in the Canongate

Kilwinning—viz., W. Dunbar, *Senior Warden* of the Lodge and *Colonel of the Corps* ; Jo. Millar, *Junior Warden* ; John Gray, city-clerk, just then initiated in the Lodge ; William Nicol, with whom Burns resided, and Nicol's coadjutor as a teacher of the classics, William Cruickshank :—

Frae wast to south, tell ilka callan'
 The *corps* maun anchor at Chro callan.
 "And wha gaes there?" thrice Millar gruntit ;
 "I," rattlin' Willie roar'd, and duntit.
 As twal is Tron'd we a' link out ;
 The moon—a ragged washin' clout—
 Glints shame-fac'd to ae waukriff starrie :
 The nicht's been wat—the caus'y 's glaurie.
 In Davie's straucht, and numbering aicht,
 A bowl's filled to the rarest
 For sang or story ;—or wha glory
 In drinkin' to the fairest.

Soon cheeks and e'en begin to glisten—
 Glibgabbet a', and nane to listen.
 Now tales o' Tyre, for buikless billies,
 Are tauld by rival pedant Willies ;
 How Thebes' king, when tir'd o' Sidon,
 Erected Tyre—folk to reside in ;
 Nic WILLIE wond'rin' wha could hire him,
 If't hadna been the first King Hiram.
 "O ye donneril !" cried the Coronel,
 'Twas the hindmost king o' Tyre.
 'Twas nae Hiram, but King Iram,
 For he *finish'd* it—wi' fire."

By this time Burgh Jock's a-storm
 For Rab had rais'd Jock's fiend, *Reform* ;
 "What wad ye hae, ye hell-cat heathens?"
 WILL answer'd Jock—"The *Sett* of Athens,
 Whare yearly Archons were elecit,
 And people's richts were mair respectit,
 They manag'd town affairs fu' gaylie,
 Wi' ne'er a king, or lord, or bailie.
 Now, by your schule, misshankit fule,
 What has your scheme to crack o' ?
 Your best tap-sawyer was a lawyer,
 The bluidy Archon Draco."

But Latin WILLIE's reek noo raise,
 He'd seen that nicht RAB crown'd wi' bays,
 And heard the *corps*, wi' ready roar,
 Be-knappin' a' his classic lore.
 Still CRUIKIE offers NIC a wage,
 Which best could tell the very age—
 When Draco and when Iram flourished,
 And if they baith freemasons nourished ?
 NIC, no that lame, cries—"Wha's for hame ?"
 "I go," says aye, "and a' go ;"—
 "If ye wad tell, CRUIKIE speer at hell,
Pro Iram coram Draco."

No. 22.—KENNETH LOVE, Tailor, Canongate.

And aye the ale was growing better.—*Burns*.
 Shall we have *no more* cakes and ale ?—*Shakespeare*.
 I also like a good beefsteak,
 Have no objection to a pint of porter.—*Byron*.

KENNETH LOVE's mother kept an oyster cellar below the Canongate Church, where some of the brethren were in use to regale on oysters and Younger's famous ale. Love made and repaired the *clothing* of the Lodge, and held the office of serving-brother. He is represented in the painting in the act of preparing to hand to the Senior Warden an apron for Burns with the decoration of a wreath upon it, having already given the jewel of the office. It was his duty to provide the supplies for the wassail-bowl which have been attended to from the jar addressed by Brother Spankie, the grocer, to the Secretary. Love was in the habit of attending the Roman Eagle Lodge, which was established by Dr Brown, the author of the "Brunonian System of Medicine," where, as an incitement to the students, Brown caused the business to be all conducted in the Latin lan-

guage. Thus Love obtained the name of *Kennethus Cupidus*. Although oysters were considered an unmasonic succulent, yet pies and porter were wont to be served out to the brethren when the lodge was "assembled on merry occasion;" and on one such, a newly initiated brother, in full of the observances of titles and qualities, thus energetically addressed the audience of the *Grand Lodge*:—"Most Worshipful Grand Master, Right-Worshipful Masters of visiting Lodges, *Worshipful* Senior and Junior Grand Wardens, and *very worthy* brethren, I take the liberty of rising to announce to you that my pie is all fat!"

Among other old men resorted to for supplying some materials for these pages, as well as for refreshing the compiler's memory on particulars which he gathered from them at a time when he was himself an "active" mason, he, after the remit in November 1845, visited William Petrie, who was initiated during 1787, and had acted as *serving-brother* and as *tiler* to this and other lodges during the greater part of the intervening period. The artist accompanied him. William by this time felt that, in the sad words of Burns,

*The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting with me.*

He mentioned that the Grand Lodge had kept on his salary, though he could never more perform the duties which he had been accustomed to for more than fifty years. On this Mr Watson remarked that he would remember Robert Burns? The name operated like electricity; and, as if a string was touched long unaccustomed to vibration, weakness, dulness, and inarticulation were shaken off like dust in sunshine, and he reiterated—"Rabbie Burns! Mind Rabbie! I'll no forget

him, *puir fallow* ! Eh but he *was* the life o' the lodge !” The consequence of this effort was a fit of coughing, and the visitors withdrew, lest the good old man should be led by their presence to revert to the exciting subject.

No. 23.—WILLIAM NICOL.

You've got a prize o' Willie's heart,
For deil a bit o't 's rotten.—*Burns*.

WILLIAM NICOL, Teacher, Crosscauseway, was one of the teachers of Latin in the High School. The newspaper of the day on which Burns arrived in Edinburgh announced that the gentlemen who had attended his class from 1774 to 1778 were to dine together on the 2d December. He had been, it is supposed, admitted as a Mason in the St Peter's Lodge, Montrose.

Nicol gave Burns some tuition in the Latin language. He accompanied Burns through the various class-rooms of the High School, which the boys regarded as a high favour to them. His own class, however, began, to remark that Nicol became less punctual in his arrival at the earliest school-hour of the morning, and took advantage of the circumstance by organizing within the rooms some formal game or play, taking care to have one boy on guard to warn them against the master's approach. One morning, a boy, Cunningham, as guard, announced his approach with Burns, and all were quickly in their places. Burns went to the desk and wrote and addressed a note, which was handed to one of the boys (Robert Bell?) for delivery, while, meantime, Nicol had proceeded to test the class in their tasks. Finding them, as he

said, unusually deficient, he, under threat of punishment, if, on trial again, he should find them unprepared, after a quarter of an hour's private revision, gave them indulgence for that time, and, in token of punctual observance, he looked his watch, and laid it before him on the table. He sat down there, during the time, beside Burns, to read a newspaper which the latter had spread out. The boys fell to their tasks in all earnestness, and, after a while, becoming severally confident of their sufficiency, they looked up, and found that both Nicol and Burns were fast asleep. The school bell was pealed in vain by the janitor for dismissal to breakfast; the pair snored on, and the boys, not daring to rise, ventured only to join in the normal harmony of feet-shuffling, which, after going beyond the usual concert-pitch, had the effect of rousing Nicol to their relief. Burns, on 1st June 1787, after he first left Edinburgh, addresses Nicol as

“Kind honest-hearted Willie.”

When he left it on the second occasion, 25th August, for his Highland tour, Nicol accompanied him. Mr Walker, then tutor at Atholl, tells the anecdote that Burns, in reference to Nicol's “robust but clumsy person,” and while expressing the value he entertained for him on account of his vigorous talents, although they were clouded at times by coarseness of manners, concluded by the observation that, “in short, his mind is like his body—he has a confounded in-knee'd sort of a soul.” This was said in the course of a walk on the banks of Bruar Water. To Burns may be directly traced part of the delight which her Majesty takes in the diversified

scenery there ; for “ the Falls of Bruar in Atholl are exceedingly beautiful and picturesque ; but their effect, when Burns visited them, was much impaired by the want of shrubs and trees. This was in 1787 : the poet, accompanied by his future biographer, Professor Walker, went, when close on twilight, to this romantic scene. “ He threw himself,” said the Professor, “ on a heathy seat, and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and voluptuous enthusiasm of imagination. In a few days I received a letter from Inverness, (for the poet had gone on his way,) with the Petition enclosed.” His Grace of Atholl obeyed the injunction : the picturesque points are now crowned with thriving woods, and the beauty of the Falls is much increased.

In the “ Petition,” these lines occur, which suggested the improvement—

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
 Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees
 And bonnie spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The toast be—"Atholl's honest men
And Atholl's bonnie lasses !"

On reaching Fochabers, Burns left Nicol at the inn, till he should call at Gordon Castle to pay his respects to the Duke and Duchess of Gordon, who had made his acquaintance in Edinburgh. He found the family sitting down to dinner, and was persuaded to join them. After drinking a few glasses of wine, he rose to withdraw, and on being pressed to stay, he for the first time mentioned his engagement with his fellow traveller, and the Duke proposed to send a servant for him. Burns, however, himself went, accompanied by a gentleman, the latter of whom politely delivered the invitation. But it was too late, Nicol had ordered out the horses, and was parading before the inn door, venting his rage on the postilion for slowness in obeying his commands. Burns, with mortification and regret, chose the alternative of entering the chaise with his restiff companion. Yet this was the Willie that "brewed a peck o' maut" at Laggan, and was himself a bit of a poet. Nicol presented Burns with a mare, on the death of which, in allusion to its history, the poet wrote—

Pég Nicolson was a good grey mare,
And the priest he rode her sair ;
And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

He was not a person to quarrel with. He was more than once challenged by his patrons, the magistrates, for assaulting Mr Adams the rector of the school. Burns alludes to their squabbles in a letter of August 1788. The correspondence between Nicol and Burns continued to the end. His virtues and genius, however, were clouded by habits of bacchanalian excess, and his latter years were vexatiously embittered by a contest with a creature who, although accidentally exalted into competition with him, was unworthy even to loose his shoe-latchet. Nicol won an honourable and sufficient competence for his family, but died of jaundice and other complaints, the effects of continued intemperance.

No. 24.—WILL. CRUICKSHANK, 2 St James' Square.

His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane ere kent them.—*Burns*.

He also was teacher of Latin in the High School, of most irreproachable character, amiable and gentle to a degree. He was a member of St Luke's Lodge. From their first meeting, Burns appears to have maintained a high respect for him. While on his first trip from Edinburgh, Burns transmits his respects to him and Mrs Cruickshank "especially." He had lived in their house in St James' Square, the window of his room being that which looks out from the top of the gable upon the Register House. Here Burns wrote his letters to Clarinda, and lines to Cruickshank's daughter, "The Rosebud." A friendly correspondence was afterwards maintained between him and Burns.

No. 25.—LOUIS CAUVIN.

Thine is the self-approving glow
 On conscious honour's part ;
 And dearest gift of Heaven below,
 Thine, friendship's truest heart.—*Burns.*

This gentleman was born 1754, in a farm-house at Jock's Lodge, to the "honest gudeman" to whom Burns transmitted his best respects by his first letter to Nicol. Old Cauvin was also a teacher. The younger was educated in the High School and College of Edinburgh and University of Paris. He then commenced as a teacher of the French language in Edinburgh. He laboured with great assiduity, and was in the highest repute ; so that, when he retired from business in 1817, he had realized a handsome fortune. In winter he resided in town, but in summer he tended a small farm near Duddingston. He erected the house of Louisfield, which forms the centre portion of *Cauvin's* Hospital, of which he was the founder by endowment. It is an hospital "for the relief, maintenance, and education of the sons of respectable but poor teachers ; the sons of poor but honest farmers ; whom failing, the sons of respectable master-printers, or bookbinders, and the sons of respectable servants in the agricultural line." This hospital was opened in 1833, eight years after Cauvin's death. He was particularly choice in his dress ; he was very hospitable ; and a quick discerner of character. He was initiated in the C. K. Lodge, December 2d, 1778. Burns there formed his acquaintance, and on expressing his desire to learn the French language, of which he had previously acquired merely a smattering by a

fortnight's tuition from John Murdoch, Cauvin agreed to receive him at nine o'clock in the evening thrice a-week, and this continued regularly for three months, while Burns remained in Edinburgh, the master in the end expressing his conviction that no ordinary pupil could have made equal advancement in three years. It was only during the course of this study that Professor D. Stewart had the opportunity of criticising Burns' scholarship, and to that circumstance may be traced the observation—"He certainly possessed a smattering of French, and if he had an affectation in anything, it was in introducing occasionally a word or phrase from that language."* It is possible that his knowledge in this respect might be more extensive than I suppose it to be.

* Professor Stewart's Letter to Dr Currie.

VI.—MUSICIAN'S GROUP.



No. 26.—ALLAN MASTERTON.

For you, no bred to barn or byre,
 Wha sweetly tunes the Scottish lyre,
 Thanks to you for your line.

He is represented in the picture as if asking the violinist for some such unheard-of air as *Robin shure in Hairst*, or *The Rantin' Dog the Daddie o't*; and by the expression of the Italian addressed, it may be readily fancied that he is spurning all sympathy with any Gaelic air, and even with *The Garb of old Gaul with the Fire of old Rome*.

He was a writing-master in Stevenlaw's Close, High Street—a Highlander—and spoke with a broad Gaelic accent. He was a composer of music, and is described by Burns as "one of the worthiest men in the world, and a man of real genius." Of—

Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
 And Rab and Allan cam to pree,

he elsewhere says, "This air is Masterton's; the song mine." Mr Nicol had bought a small piece of ground called Laggan, on the Nith, and he being there, and Masterton on a visit at Dalswinton, Burns accompanied him to Nicol's. "We had such a joyous meeting, that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business." He was author of *Strathallan's Lament*, *The Braes o' Ballochmyle*, &c.

No. 27.—SIGNIOR STABILINI, North Bridge.

To give them music was his charge.—*Burns.*

Signior Stabilini, an Italian, was a celebrated player on the violin, and during this winter was giving weekly concerts in Edinburgh, of vocal and instrumental music, in conjunction with Signiors Urbani, Torrigiani, Corri, and others. Burns writes more than once in reference to his attendances at those concerts. It was usual for a private gentleman to play an instrument occasionally at the masonic and other meetings. The prints of the day teemed with such notices as that the Prince of Wales was an uncommon musical genius, and his instrument the violoncello; that the Duke of Cumberland's was the violin; the Duke of Dorset's, the Duke of Marlborough's, and Lord Maldon's, the violoncello; Lord Abington's the flute, and so forth; and that Lady Ann Lindsay, the composer of the air of Auld Robin Gray, sung both the grave and gay Scotch airs with unmatched beauty. The members of the lodge, on account of the prevalent predilection for music, induced the attendance and services of the first professional talent which the city could command.

Behind the Italian fiddler, an extra head may be seen in the picture, raised to obtain a glimpse of the ceremony. This is Signior Corri, an Italian composer, teacher, and dealer in music. He built the rooms appropriated to musical, theatrical, and equestrian entertainments, which went by the name of Corri's Rooms, afterwards known as the Caledonian and as the Adelphi Theatre, Broughton Street. He took into partnership in the music

business Mr Henderson. Corri latterly became bankrupt. During the week of Burns' arrival in Edinburgh he was advertising the arrival of Ladies' portable harpsichords, *suitable for carrying in a post chaise.*

No. 28.—JAMES TYTLER.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, and shame ;
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.—*Burns.*

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a clergyman of the presbytery of Brechin, and brother of Dr Tytler, who was one of the translators of Callimachus, the Greek poet and historian. He was instructed by his father in classical learning and school divinity, and attained an extensive acquaintance with biblical literature and scholastic theology. Having a predilection for the medical profession, he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards attended the medical classes at Edinburgh, there cultivating experimental chemistry and controversial theology. He connected himself with the society of Glassites, and settled in Leith as an apothecary. Having contracted debts to a considerable amount, he removed to Berwick, and afterwards to Newcastle, in both places employing himself in the preparation of chemical medicines for druggists ; but in 1772 he fell into extreme poverty, and took refuge from his creditors in the sanctuary of Holyrood House, where debtors are

exempted from arrests. His wife and five children now deserted him. He solaced himself for the privation of domestic comfort by composing a poem on "The Pleasures of the Abbey." In the avocation of an author, which he was now compelled to assume, he displayed a versatility of talent and a facility of writing unexampled then in the transactions of the press. He published "Essays on the most important Subjects of Natural and Revealed Religion," and portions of "General History," without manuscript. The works were not completed. He attacked a new sect called Bereans in a "Letter to Mr John Barclay on the Doctrine of Assurance." Of these productions he was author, compositor, and pressman, and issued them from the sanctuary. He got up various periodicals and works on a great variety of subjects. One, the *Weekly Mirror*, contains an article attributed to Burns, on the mercenary motives ascribed to the fair sex in the choice of a husband; and the song, *I hae Laid a Herrin' in Saut*, suggested this Answer, to the same tune:—

What care I for your herrin' in sawt ?

Laddie, I like to tell what's true.

I care nae a fig for your forpet o' mawt ;

Sae ye need nae come here *that way* to woo.

As little care I for your house i' the muir :

E'en *that*, my lad, winna bribe me now.

Tho' fifty fowk cou'd dance i' the floor,

Foul fa' me 'gin that wad bring me too.

Sae brag nae mair o' your butts and your benns ;

Laddie, that's no the gate to woo.

Tho' ye had a hunder cocks and hens,

They never wad gar me tak' ye now.

As for your hen wi' the happity leg,

Laddie, ye're surely daft or fou !

D'ye think that I can dine on ae egg ?

'Deed, friend, ye're makin' game o' me now.

Ye say ye've a pig that will soon be a sow ;
 Laddie, I like the truth to tell ;
 Whan ye brag o' your calf that'll soon be a cow,
 I'm fley'd that ye're but a *cowf* yoursell.
 An' as for your kebbock up i' the shelf,
 Lad, gin I thought you in earnest now,
 I would tak' ye to be but a greedy guts'd elf,
 That wad come wi' sic offers a lass to woo.
 But, lad, gin ye want my heart to move,
 Hark, an' I'll learn you how to do ;
 Ye maun tawk o' naething but *lute for lute* ;
 For that's the gate a young lass to woo.
 For gin I cou'd think ye likit me weel,
 Laddie, I tell ye truly now ;
 I wad leave my daddie an minnie atweel,
 An' blithly the night gang aff wi' you.

Now, Mr Mirror, after saying so much upon so little, and telling you what uncommon honour and applause my *country maid* has already procured me, if you should be so cruel as to turn *her* to the door, set down my song as useless and insipid, and not allow me the pleasure of seeing myself in your next Mirror, excepting among the list of your rejected correspondents, I'll certainly demolish all your old ones, and never look into one of them more. So I remain yours, as you behave yourself,

ROB *the* RANTER.*

Much of Mr Tytler's time and money were spent in the prosecution of experiments in chemistry, electricity, and mechanics. He invented a process for bleaching linens; but on disclosing his secret to persons associated in it with him, he was dismissed as no longer needed. He was the first in Scotland who adventured in a fire baloon constructed upon the plan of Montgolfir. He ascended from Comely Green, Edinburgh, amidst the acclamation of an immense multitude, and descended at the distance of a quarter of a mile, owing to an unforeseen defect in the machinery. Mr Alexander Black, formerly

* Burns took this title about the same period in his poetical *Letter to James Tennant*.

surgeon of police, speaks of the terrors of Tytler's son on witnessing this scene with him. Amidst the drudgery of writing, Tytler exhilarated his spirits with a tune on the Irish bagpipe,* which he played with much sweetness, interposing occasionally a song of his own composition, sung with great animation. A solace of this kind, says Cromeek, was well suited to the simplicity of his manners, the modesty of his disposition, and the integrity of his character. In a pamphlet "On the Excise," and in the "Historical Register," he entered into an exposition of "abuses of government." When the prospectus of the *Political Gazetteer* appeared in Edinburgh, 1792, Burns addressed a letter requesting insertion of his name as a subscriber, saying to the editor—"Go on, sir; lay bare, with undaunted heart and steady hand, that horrid mass of corruption called politics and state-craft. Dare to draw in their native colours these calm-thinking villains whom no faith can fix, whatever be the Shibboleth of their pretended party." The excise-man-poet incurred censure for his conduct in these matters. He elsewhere, in defence, writes—"Does any man tell me that my full efforts can be of no service, and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concerns of a nation? I can tell him that it is on such individuals as I that a nation has to rest, both for the hand of support and the eye of intelligence. Have not I, to me, a more precious stake in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children."

Professor Wilson remarks, in illustration of

* Cromeek's Reliques of Burns.

this affair, that " Burns gave great offence to that fine and delicate abstraction, the *Board of Excise*; and at one time there seems to have been some danger of his losing his splendid situation—no *sinecure*—of something less than a supervisor of the district, with an annual salary of £70. The Excise rebuked him for '*thinking*'—a vice to which, from infancy, he had been sadly addicted, as well as to the kindred and even more dangerous one of feeling; and Burns came under a sort of half-and-half promise to do what he could to wear himself from that habit; but he made no promise at all not to *feel*; and feel he did, till his heart bled at every pore, with indignation, shame, and grief. But why blame the wretched Board of Excise, and it alone, when the justice-seat was equally culpable, if not in the individual case of Burns yet in many as flagrantly oppressive? The Excise had but one political victim—the tribunals a hetacomb."

James Tytler was connected with Thomas Muir of Huntershill, advocate, in the matters of the British Convention, and published a handbill and a pamphlet which rendered him obnoxious to government, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension; but he got over to Ireland, thence he crossed the Atlantic, and settled at Salem in the state of Massachusetts, U. S., where he established a newspaper, which he conducted to the period of his death, 1805.

In that newspaper Tytler published the trial of Muir, and the debate in the House of Commons of 10th March 1794, on the motion of William Adam, (afterwards Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland) for production of " extracts from the book of adjournal

of the Supreme Court of Justiciary in Scotland of the trial of Thomas Muir." Mr Adam's speech was, in point of argument, arrangement, reasoning, and language, one of the ablest discourses ever heard in Parliament. He was followed on the same side by Sheridan, Whitbread, Fox, and Grey; but only one Scotch member voted for Mr Adam's motion; for his success would have tended not only to the setting aside of the conviction and sentence of transportation of Muir for *sedition*, but, politically, to an earlier reform of the representation in the House of Commons. In reference to that trial, and in defence of Hamilton Rowan, 29th January 1794, the Irish orator, Curran, took occasion to pay a tribute to Robert Burns, which would be marred without the whole passage. "There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity which disdains assenting to obvious truths and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances as its best ground of faith. To what other cause can you ascribe that, in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel for publishing those resolutions* to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe what, in my mind, is still more astonishing in such a country as Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent; adventurous and persevering; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an

* Resolutions of 1781, signed by Pitt, &c., in favour of a Reform in Parliament.

eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires ; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume to *the sweet and simple, but not less pathetic and sublime morality of her Burns*—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents should be banished* to a distant barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuation of human life.” Tytler’s republication in America of these transactions excited there so much sympathy for Muir, that a subscription was raised, and the expense defrayed of sending an American ship, *The Otter*, to Sydney, to bring him off ; and she set sail with him 11th February 1796, but was wrecked on sunken rocks, near Nootka Sound, all perishing except Muir and two sailors. They fell into the hands of Indians, from whom, after three weeks, Muir effected his escape. He travelled some thousands of miles, and reached the city of Panama, the governor of which caused him to be escorted across the Isthmus of Darien. He walked one thousand miles farther, and reached Vera Cruz, and was put on board a vessel for Havannah. The governor there put him in prison ; but, after a time, he, as a common sailor, got on board of one of two frigates, bound together for Spain. When they had nearly reached Cadiz, Sir John Jervis (St Vincent) despatched two of his squadron, the *Emerald* and *Irresistible*, to give them chase ; and, according to the account of

* Muir, whom Curran knew, was then a convict in Sydney.

a British officer, communicated to the *Edinburgh Advertiser*—"Our opponents were two of the finest frigates in the Spanish service. I am sorry (he proceeds to say) that, after they struck, one frigate ran on shore and sunk with all her riches, which was a sore sight. We arrived here (off Cadiz) with our prize, and are landing our prisoners. Among the sufferers on the Spanish side is Mr Thomas Muir, who made so wonderful an escape from Botany Bay to the Havannah. He was *one of five killed* on board the *Nymph* by the last shot fired by us. The officer at whose side he fell is now at my hand, and says he behaved with courage to the last." When the distress arising from the loss of the riches of the sunken prize had somewhat subsided, a more leisurely account followed:—"On looking at the dead and dying, one of our officers was struck by the unusual position in which one lay, his hands clasped in an attitude of prayer, with a small book enclosed in them. His face presented a horrible spectacle, as one of his eyes was literally knocked out and carried away with the bone and lower part of the cheek, and the blood about him was deep. The sailors, believing him to be dead, were in the act of lifting him to throw him over board, when he uttered a deep sigh, and the book fell. It was a Bible,* with the name Thomas Muir written upon it. The officer was struck with astonishment. Muir was his early schoolfellow and companion. Without breathing his name, he wiped the gore from Muir's mangled face, tied up his head, and got him conveyed to the hospital at

* The gift of his parents on his leaving Britain, his companion through all his privations, making the circuit of the globe, and returned to them after his death.

Cadiz as a Spanish sailor. In two months he was in so far recovered as to be enabled to put himself in charge of the agent of the French Directory, who had got notice of the occurrence. They sent for and conferred on him the privilege of a free citizen of France. His wounds proving incurable, he died at Chantilly, near Paris, in September 1798. Had he only then been born!—

But loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter?
 The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.—*Burns.*

No. 29.—THOMAS NEIL.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.—*Burns.*

NEIL, an undertaker in Don's Close, was born in 1730 and died in 1800. During the last forty years of his life he was precentor of the Old Tolbooth Church. He was remarkable for possessing a clear bold musical voice and some knowledge of the science. Burns says he got the edition of *Up and Waur them a' Willie* from him; but his chief attraction was his extraordinary powers of drollery and mimicry. He could so alter his features and voice as not to be identified, and by the use of a handkerchief about his face, in the manner subsequently adopted by the elder Matthews in retailing one of Neil's anecdotes in name of the minister's wife, about a lad going to preach for her husband on a wet day, "very wat;" but she advised him to proceed to the pu'pit, where, as she says, he would soon be "dry eneuch!" His contemporary, Mr Kay, said of him—"He may

justly be considered the Momus of modern times. The catch clubs of Edinburgh will only have to regret that he is not immortal." Neil was one of those who, even with an empty pocket, cannot pass a public-house without tasting, and who trust to their wits for extrication. On one such occasion he and his apprentice had to pass Duddingston, with a coffin covered up in a bag, but stepped into the village ale-house and had a glass; and having in view the price of his coffin, which he had to dispose of in the neighbourhood, he then told the hostess that he would look in as he came back, and pay. Her ladyship, however, demurred to this, but agreed to take in pledge what he called the case of his bass fiddle. On his unbagging a coffin for her, she was horrified, and exclaimed, "Be aff wi' it, and never let me catch you in my house wi' sic a case again."

On another occasion he found his way into a whisky shop in the Potterrow, called in Edinburgh provincialism Patterraw, and began, over his glass, to entertain the landlady with tales of the antiquity of the city, till he led her to accept of a bet of the price of the liquor as to whether the Apostle Paul had visited that very street. She admitted her defeat on his reading from Acts xxi. 5—"And we came with a straight course into Coos, and the day following into Rhodes, and from thence into Pa-ta-ra." Neil was sometimes tricked in turn. He was taken out of bed one night to measure for a coffin a fat fodge wight, at some distance, who, it was said, had died in a fit of drunkenness. Neil set off immediately with his "stretchin' buird," on which he contrived, after a world of labour, to lay out the body. But it turned out

that he was premature : the stir made awakening the customer to a sense of his situation, he upset his undertaker by a hearty kick, in token of the distinction to be drawn when a man is merely dead-drunk.

No. 30.—JOHN DHU.

Shall it be we then ?

JOHN DHU, or, according to Gaelic pronunciation, Shon Dhnu, was corporal of the town guard, or predecessors of the police functionaries. He was *Grand Tyler* of the Grand Lodge, and is represented in the picture in attendance in that capacity. He is in the act of throwing new light upon the subject with his fingers, and is ready to keep the pedal of the organ going, on condition that, if the *fingerer* “discourse most excellent music,” he will divide with the *pedalist* the honour of the performance.

No 31.—ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Organist, &c.

May Heaven remember singin’ Sannock
Wi’ hale breeks, saxpence, and a bannock.—*Burns*.

“SANNOCK,” brother of John, No. 32, taught the harpsichord and singing, was organist of one of the chapels in Edinburgh, and the composer of the air of “Gloomy Winter’s now Awa,” and other pieces. He excelled in singing plaintive Scotch ballads. Sir Walter Scott was one of his pupils, though he made little progress, as Campbell said he had no ear. He is the author of *The History of Poetry*

in *Scotland—Songs of the Lowlands*, to which he prefixed a dialogue on Scottish music, which it is said first conveyed to foreigners a correct notion of the Scotch scale. He also wrote and published *A Tour from Edinburgh through parts of North Britain*, illustrated by water-coloured drawings by himself, and *The Grampians Desolate*, A Poem, and *Albyn's Anthology*, or, *A Selection of Melodies and Local Poetry peculiar to Scotland and the Isles*. For this work songs were contributed by Scott, Tannahill, Hogg, Jamieson, Grant, Boswell, Maturin, &c.

Mr Watson, the painter of the *Inauguration*, while a guest at Abbotsford in 1823, met Campbell and Miss Edgeworth and her sister there.—Campbell had daily or nightly to gratify Sir Walter by his singing *The Silken Snood*, or some such plaintive old air. He died in 1824, at the age of sixty.

No. 32.—JOHN CAMPBELL, Undertaker and
Teacher of Music, Canongate.

And when these legs to guid warm kail
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;
A lee dykeside, a sybo tail,
And barley scone shall cheer me.—*Burns*.

JOHN CAMPBELL was born about the year 1750 and died 1795. He was educated with his younger brother, Alexander, in Stirling. Having both a taste for music, John took lessons from the celebrated Tenducci, and made himself noted in the Scotch songs of "*The Flowers of the Forest*," "*The Lass o' Patie's Mill*," "*An thou wert my ain thing*," &c. He afterwards became a teacher

of music, and, by means of the recommendations of Tenducci, on leaving Edinburgh, Campbell became very successful. He held the situation of *precentor* or leader of vocal music in the parish church of Canongate, hard-by the lodge. Two or three days after the meeting of 1st March, Burns called on his friend, Campbell, "to make trial (as he said) of his kail," and to get Campbell to introduce him to Bailie Gentle of the Canongate, in order to ask permission to raise a monument to the poet, Robert Fergusson, who had been buried in that parish churchyard. Gentle intimated that, personally, he had not the power, as that lay with the managers. "Then tell them," said Burns, "that the Ayrshire Ploughman makes the request." Uncertain that this would be attended to, he, on 6th March, wrote the Bailies—"I petition you, then, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame." On the stone he inscribed—

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET,

Born Sept. 5, 1751, Died 16th Oct. 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,

No storied urn, nor animated bust ;

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,

To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

No. 33.—SAMUEL CLARK, Organist of Cowgate Chapel.

On Scotia's plains, in days of yore,

When lads and lasses tartan wore,

Soft music rang on ilka shore,

An' hamely weed ;

But harmony is now no more,

An music's dead.

H

Oh, Scotland ! that could ance afford
 To bang the pith o' Roman sword,
 Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
 To battle speed,
 An' fight till music be restor'd,
 Which now lies dead ?—*Burns.*

Clark superintended the arrangement and harmonization of the music of James Johnston's *Scots Musical Museum* published in six volumes, to which Burns was the principal contributor.

No. 34.—GEORDIE CRANSTOUN, Shoemaker's Close,
 Canongate.

The brethren o' the mystic level
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel
 In mourning weed ;
 Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel——
 Tam Samson's dead !—*Burns.*

This diminutive and deformed creature was generally well known to the community of Edinburgh. He attended all the Edinburgh masonic meetings, and was entertained free of charge ; and it was his passion to be set up conspicuously on the tops of benches or on walls, to sing his song, and take part in vocal harmonies. He had a good powerful voice, and was versant in music, which he professed to teach. He repeatedly applied for the appointment of precentor in one of the city churches, but it was impossible to trust him with anything of a grave, to say nothing of a sacred nature. Having at command a considerable flow of wit and humour, and imparting great zest to his comic songs, he was a universal favourite, and indeed lived on the kindness of socialists of the

day. He was uncommonly *drouthy*, and being often unable to walk steadily home, the wags were in the habit of hiring a "caudy"—that is, a street porter—having on his back, for carrying goods, a creel, into which Geordy was bundled, and addressed to his mother, carriage paid. On one occasion the parcel had been insufficiently sewed up, and was dropped out of the creel and damaged, but Cranstoun survived till about 1820. Cranstoun was well known by the populace, and some how had obtained such a power over them, (it could not be physical,) that the Town-Guard resorted to his influence as the most effectual for quelling riots and dispersing mobs. At the period of Burns' visit, Joseph Count Borewalski, the dwarf Polish Count, was likewise in Edinburgh, and gave public breakfasts at a handsome remunerating price for the exhibition of his diminutive but very handsome figure; and it was jocularly suggested to Cranstoun either to imitate the example or propose a partnership. The Count described that a course adopted by his wife, when she wanted to carry out her ends, when these ran counter to his, was to place him on the mantel-piece, from which he could not descend, and was only relieved by capitulation on his *better-half's* own terms. Latterly he enjoyed a pension from George IV., and resided at Durham, where the writer of these pages saw him so late as 1833. The Count survived a year or two longer, and died at a great age.

No. 35.—J. G. C. SCHETKY, Music Teacher,
Fowles' Close, Fountain Well.

Nae "*lente largo*" in the play,
But "*allegretto forte*" gay
Harmonious flows.—*Burns*.

SCHETKY, a distinguished Musician, was the father of the eminent sketcher and marine painter to George IV. He was by birth a German, and came to Edinburgh about the middle of last century. He was at this period employed in the St Cecilia Hall, where the weekly concerts during, the winter were attended by all the rank, beauty and fashion of Edinburgh. He composed the *March of the Defensive Band*, which Mr Crosbie, W.S. (the first Master of that lodge,) commanded. It is needless to remark that it was not Burns who wrote words to it, ex. gr.—

Colonel Crosbie takes the field,
To France and Spain he will not yield;
But still maintains his high command
At the head of the noble Defensive Band.

Schetky's howff was *Hogg's* tavern, where he constituted the *Boar* club, each *Bore* contributing a halfpenny to the *pig*; and Mr Aldridge, a brother musician, being perpetual Grand Grunter of the *sty*. Burns got Schetky to compose an air to his—

Clarinda, mistress of my soul.

He is represented in the picture with his instrument, the violoncello, on which he excelled in concertos.

VII.—CHAPLAIN'S GROUP.

No. 36.—Professor DUGALD STEWART.

Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw.—*Burns.*

DUGALD STEWART was son of Dr Mat. Stewart, professor of mathematics. He was sent to the High School at Edinburgh, and, in October 1766, entered at the University, under the tuition of Dr Blair and Dr Fergusson. His principal intellectual pursuits were history, logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. To the study of mathematics he paid no more attention than was necessary to avoid the censure of negligence; yet, in the nineteenth year of his age, his father having been seized with an indisposition which incapacitated him from continuing his professional labours for the benefit of his family, he was deputed, as his substitute, to read the mathematical lectures. So extraordinary was his success—such the spirit and love of the study which he infused into the pupils—that it became matter of general remark and surprise. One individual asked the young lecturer himself, how it was that he, who had not devoted himself particularly to mathematics, should have succeeded in teaching them better than his father. “If it be so,” said the philosopher, with no less modesty than sagacity and truth of principle, “I can only account for it by the fact that, during the whole session, I have never been more than three days a-head of my pupils.” About this time Mr Stewart, in addition to his intimacy with Robert Thompson, became acquainted with Mr

John Scott, Thomas Stewart, John Playfair, and Dr William Thompson. Having taught the mathematical class for about seven years, he was called to the performance of a duty more congenial to his own taste. When Dr Fergusson was sent to North America on a mission, Mr Stewart undertook to teach his class in moral philosophy until his return. Having nothing written before hand, nor time to make regular preparations, he used, all that winter, to rise at four or five in the morning, and pacing for several hours in the dark, along the quadrangular walk of the small garden attached to his father's house in the old College, he there conceived the plan, and arranged in his head, the expression of each day's lecture; and, without committing a word to paper, entered the class, which then met at nine in the morning, and poured forth his glowing periods—in which the freshness and vehemence of extempore eloquence were chastened and harmonized by the dignity and seriousness of the subject. Mr Stewart, by the death of his father, became sole professor of mathematics. Dr Fergusson had resigned his professorship of moral philosophy. Mr Stewart was allowed to be the fittest man for succeeding to that chair, and Mr Playfair for succeeding Mr Stewart. In 1792 he published the first volume of his "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," the second volume of which did not appear till 1813, and the third not till 1827. He printed "Outlines of Moral Philosophy for the Use of Students" in 1793; "Dr Adam Smith's Essays on Philosophical Subjects, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the author," in 1801; "An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr Robert-

son," 1803; "An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr Reid;" "A Statement of Facts relative to the Election of a Mathematical Professor of the University of Edinburgh," 1805; "Philosophical Essays," 1818. After that he wrote some of the Dissertations prefixed to the Supplement to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. After the Peace of Amiens, Mr Stewart accompanied Lord Lauderdale upon his mission to France. This obtained for him a sinecure appointment which rendered him independent for life. The Marquis of Lansdowne, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, made him gazette-writer for Scotland. Mr Stewart's writing procured for him the honour of being elected a member of the Academy of St Petersburg, and also of the Academy of Philadelphia; and, in 1826, the Royal Society of Literature of London voted him one of the two medals yearly placed by his Majesty at their disposal, "for his Essay on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, Philosophical Essays, Lives of Adam Smith and Dr Robertson," &c. He died in June 1828, aged 75, and the remains of this distinguished philosopher were interred in the Canongate church-yard.

He was initiated in the C. K. in 1775. He found in marriage, according to Burns:—

Benevolence, with mild benignant air,

A female form, come from the towers of Stair;

and the Professor having discovered the talented Burns presiding in the masonic lodge of Tarbolton, he invited him to dine at—

Simple Catrine, their long-loved abode.

Mr Stewart continued a warm friend to Burns. On his arriving in Edinburgh, they enjoyed the society of each other, and had frequent morning walks out of town.

No. 37.—WILLIAM CREECH.

Now, gankies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock stools
In glen or shaw ;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa.—*Burns.*

WILLIAM CREECH was born in 1745. Soon after his birth, his father, the minister of Newbattle, died, leaving a widow and two other children. The widow, Mary Baley, was nearly related to the family of Quarme, in Devonshire, several of whom held the office of Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords. She was patronized by the noble family of Lothian, and the son received an excellent education. Mr Robertson (afterwards minister of Kilmarnock) was boarded with her while he was private tutor to the Earl of Glencairn's sons, who contracted a great friendship for Creech, and hence arose an intimacy between him and the Glencairn family, which happened to prove subservient to the interests of Burns. Mr Kincaid, then his Majesty's printer for Scotland, carried on business as a bookseller with John Bell, the founder of the Society of Booksellers. Mrs Kincaid was grand-daughter to Robert, fourth Earl of Lothian, and, through that connexion, Creech came to be apprenticed to Kincaid and Bell, and was afterwards taken into partnership with the former. He was the original publisher of the works of Blair, Beattie, Campbell, Cullen, Gregory, Mackenzie, Woodhouselee, Ferguson, Stewart, Adam, and *The Mirror* and *The Lounger*. He was one of the original founders of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, and of the Society for the Benefit of the Sons of

the Clergy, and became Preses of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. As a member of the Town Council, he, in the contested election 1780, voted for Mr Miller, (Lord Glenlee,) the Whig candidate. He was Lord Provost from 1811 to 1813. In domestic circles he was universally distinguished and admired. His sallies of wit and humour were very successful; detraction and personal allusion that might seriously offend being avoided. He wrote (*Fug. Pieces*, p. 218) against the fundamental improvement of Ladies' *Bustles*.

In the picture Creech is represented as pointing out in the list his individual subscription for 400 copies, in order to shame Peter Williamson, who would not subscribe. It was of no use.

No. 38.—PETER WILLIAMSON.

My 'prenticeship I pass'd where my leader breathed his last;
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram.—*Burns*.

PETER WILLIAMSON, born at Hirnlay, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, 1735, died 1799. He went, while a boy, to visit an aunt in Aberdeen, and while playing with other boys on the quay, was, in January 1743, decoyed on board of a vessel, according to a prevailing practice called *kidnapping*, that is, stealing young boys and selling them as slaves for the American plantations. He was conveyed in this way to Cape May, near Delaware, where the vessel struck, and was deserted by the crew, the boys being left to their fate. The wind, however, abated next day before the vessel went to pieces, so that the captain had got the opportunity of saving his cargo. Peter was sold to

Hugh Wilson, Philadelphia, who had himself seven years previously been kidnapped from St Johnston, in Scotland. Wilson educated and treated him kindly, and when Peter was only seventeen years of age his master died, bequeathing him cash and property to the extent of £200. He got married, and was by his father-in-law settled in a farm in Berks county, on the Forks of Delaware. On 2d October 1754, while his wife was from home, his house was burnt, and he was seized by a party of Cherokee savages, stripped of all his clothing, and conveyed to the Blue Hills, to Susquehana, Alamingo, then to Pennsylvania, and near to Cannocojigge, when he made his escape. The sufferings which he had endured, and which he saw others exposed to, were shocking. On reaching the home of his father-in-law, after an absence of some months, he found that his wife had died. Mr Morris, the governor, hearing of Peter's adventures, sent for him, and caused written details of the whole to be made, which were sent to the assembly at Philadelphia, who were then devising measures to check the depredations of the savages who were incited, it was understood, by the French. It was resolved to raise soldiers to check the barbarians, and General Shirley, governor of New England, and commander-in-chief of the land forces in America, was intrusted to direct the necessary operations. Under him Williamson enlisted, and served for three years. He marched with the regiment to New Jersey, by New York, Middleton, Mendon on Connecticut, to Boston, where he fought. He afterwards went to Oswego, Albany, Cambridge, Northampton, and Hadfield, and encamped near

Schenectady. Here an expedition was resolved on to attack the French at Niagara, but which was ultimately abandoned, and afterwards Williamson embarked at Albany for New York, and returned on a furlough to Philadelphia. Here companies of the citizens were formed, and, by arrangement, Williamson joined, and was appointed lieutenant of a company of 100 men, and underwent severe service. Afterwards he marched to Oswego, and there rejoined and fought with his regiment till the capitulation took place of the garrison of Oswego, of 14th August 1756, in favour of the Marquis de Montcalm. Now a prisoner of war, Williamson was conveyed to Montreal and thence to Quebec. The guard here was insufficient, and provisions were scarce; and the inhabitants, fearing the consequences of having such a number of prisoners, put Williamson and 500 others on board of *La Renomme*, a French packet, which, under a flag of truce, reached Plymouth, 6th November 1756, where, on account of wounds, he was discharged, with an allowance of 6s. to carry him to Aberdeen. At York he drew up a manuscript of his adventures, and gentlemen of that place entered into a subscription by which they were printed, and from the proceeds he found his way to Aberdeen, on his way to revisit his native hills. He exhibited himself in Aberdeen in the costumes of the savages, and described their habits in the manner adopted by Catline, and put his volume of Adventures into circulation. But Peter's adventures and misfortunes were yet incomplete. He was immediately served with a complaint, setting forth that he had been guilty of publishing a book "reflecting greatly upon the

characters and reputations of the merchants in Aberdeen, and on the town in general, without any ground or reason, whereby the corporation of the city, and whole members thereof, were greatly hurt and prejudged, and that, therefore, he ought to be exemplarily punished in his person and goods, and the said book seized and publicly burnt." Under threat of imprisonment, he was persuaded to sign an acknowledgment that he was willing to contradict, in a public manner, what he had advanced. He was then imprisoned till he should find bail, and the copies ordered to be lodged with the city clerk. Next day the magistrates ordered the offensive leaves of all the copies to be cut out and publicly burnt, at the market cross, by the hands of the hangman, and ordained Williamson to sign a declaration of the above tenor, and begging pardon of the magistrates and merchants; and desiring the recantation to be inserted in the York newspapers, &c., and to be imprisoned till the document should be signed and 10s. of fine paid, and immediately after to leave the town. Williamson brought an action in the Court of Session to have this sentence set aside, and for damages against the magistrates. The case was conducted for him *in forma pauperis*. A proof was allowed, under which his statements were clearly established, and that no less than sixty-nine boys and girls were carried to America in the same ship with him. "The Lords, 2d July 1762, find the defenders liable to the pursuer in £100 damages," besides all expenses, and "declare the defenders to be personally liable, and that the same shall be no burden upon the town of Aberdeen." Against this the bailies put in a petition,

and their agent, Walter Scott, W.S., (Sir Walter's father,) appended to it a letter from them, stating how much they "were surprised on reading yours, giving an account of the sentence against us, and how hard a thing it is to be decerned to pay a sum of money as a fine for doing what we considered to be our duty." This had no effect. Williamson had taken up his residence in Edinburgh, where he first commenced business as a tavern keeper, "from the other world," as announced by his sign-board, having on it painted the head of his Indian chief. He next established the first *General Penny Post Office* for the city and neighbourhood, and published the first town and country Directòry. At his shop in the Luckenbooths, the Glasgow coach called the *Fly* set off *every morning*. A third edition of his "Life and Curious Adventures" was published by Bryce and Paterson, Glasgow, 1758, and another, with a detail of his process and evidence, was published in Aberdeen in 1812. "My chief intent in publishing" (says he) "being to warn gentlemen in power and station not to abuse them." The details are highly interesting, and well worthy a perusal. In 1762, when there was a want of hands for cutting the crops, he submitted through, the *Evening Courant*, the use of the cradle-scythe. In 1776, he published a periodical called *The Scots Spy*. In 1777 he married Jean Wilson, by whom he had a daughter, who, on growing up, joined the mother as mantua maker. In 1789, he brought a divorce, in which he succeeded. Latterly he was allowed a government pension. He boasted to Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, that the banks of the Nile had not furnished such extraordinary ad-

ventures as his were ; and withal that his details were believed, while those of Bruce were scouted.

In the picture this Aberdonian is represented as stating that he declines to subscribe for Burns forthcoming edition, doubtless because the work will not be so interesting as his own "Curious Adventures," nor so useful as his "Directory." By the directory it appears that one of the citizens of that day was "Ralston Ranston Garsen Rosten, Esq., of Rattlesnake Society."

No. 39.—WILLIAM SMELLIE.

Yet, though his caustic wit was biting rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.—*Burns.*

WILLIAM SMELLIE was born in Edinburgh 1740, and died 24th June 1795. During his apprenticeship as a printer, he employed himself in the study of the classics, and eminently signalized himself in some exercises. By his employers he was early occupied in the editorship of the Scots Magazine. When he had commenced printer on his own account, he became editor and principal writer for the Encyclopedia Britannica. He translated Buffon, and wrote the *Philosophy of Natural History*, and was recognised as one of the most learned men of Scotland. He was one of the founders, secretary and curator, of the Society of Antiquarians. He was jointly connected with Mr Creech the bookseller in printing and publishing ; and having in this way the work to perform of printing the Edinburgh edition of Burns' Poems, who attended his premises in Anchor Close, to

revise the sheets, they became constant associates. As *hangman* of the Chro Challin Fencibles, it fell to his province, in conjunction with Lord Newton, who was major and muster-master-general to the corps, to *drill* Burns as a recruit to the ranks; and, from his "caustic wit and biting rudeness," to which the poet refers, Smellie was peculiarly fitted for the performance of the duty of *drill-hangman*, in tormenting the entrant with every species of irony and badinage. Burns proved less of the raw recruit than was anticipated, and on occasions subsequent to his admission, it was a favourite amusement of the corps to bring Burns and Smellie into a war of wit.

No. 40.—PETER HILL, Bookseller, 160 Nicolson Street.

When I grow richer I will write to you on *gilt* post. At present every guinea has a five guinea errand.

The piebald jacket let me patch once more,
On eighteenpence a-week I've lived before.—*Burns*.

Mr HILL had been in the employment of Mr Creech, to whose business he ultimately succeeded; and he, again, trained Archibald Constable, the publisher of Sir Walter Scott's works. Burns was in the habit of visiting Mr Hill while in Edinburgh, and took great delight in hearing him sing. A friendly and familiar correspondence continued between the bard and Mr Hill afterwards. Burns' letters to him of July and 1st October 1788, 2d April 1789, 2d February and 2d March 1790, and 17th January 1791, are interesting specimens of his epistolary writings, as well as instructive in reference to Burns' pursuits and readings, and

his desire to cultivate the literary taste of those around him, and, above all, of his augurings of returning poverty. The first letter contains Burns' opinion, given in a facetious manner, of Smellie, Candlish, Ramsay, Cunningham, Sommerville, Ferguson, &c. his associates in Edinburgh. His last letter from the poet contains these reflections :—

Poverty ! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-german of hell ! —where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits ? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancient, grown hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years and wretchedness, implores a very little aid to support his existence, from a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud, and is by him denied and insulted. Oppressed by thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence, and melts with sensibility, inly pines under the neglect, or writhes, in bitterness of soul, under the contumely of arrogant unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of genius, whose ill-starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fashionable and polite, must see, in suffering silence, his remark neglected and his person despised, while shallow greatness, in his idiot attempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of worth that have reason to complain of thee—the children of folly and vice, though in common with thee the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod.

VIII.—GRAND TREASURER'S GROUP.

No. 41.—SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

That distant years may boast of other Blairs.—*Burns.*

JAMES HUNTER, George Street, was born in Ayr 1741. His father, John Hunter, was a merchant there, and left considerable means for his family. Sir James Hunter was the fellow apprentice of his future partner Sir W. Forbes. In 1770 he married Jane, daughter of John Blair of Dunskey, Wigtonshire. On her father's death she succeeded to the family estate, and her husband adopted the name of Blair. He thereupon commenced improvements on the harbour and town of Portpatrick. In 1781 he was elected M.P. for Edinburgh, and in 1784, Lord Provost of that city. At this time the southern entrance was by lanes crossing the Cowgate, and Sir James planned South Bridge Street, and projected the rebuilding of the College. In 1785, Lord Haddo, as Grand-Master, laid the foundation of the bridge in presence of him, as provost, and of the magistrates. On the day Burns arrived in Edinburgh the country gentlemen and merchants from all quarters met in Goldsmiths' Hall, Edinburgh, to discuss proposed alterations on the corn laws, and Sir J. Hunter Blair was in the chair. Mr Buchan Hepburn proposed measures. Mr Erskine of Mar "never could agree to any overtures that were partial or limited." Mr Solicitor General Dundas "declared that the idea of a free importation and exportation in this country was wild and extravagant, but if the manufacturers of Scotland would agree to

an unrestricted importation of every commodity, then the landlords would join issue and consent to a free influx of grain."

He was elected Grand Treasurer in 1783, and is represented in the picture with the insignia of that office. He subscribed for numerous copies of Burns' forthcoming edition, and left Edinburgh after the meeting in March 1787, on a tour to Harrowgate, being in delicate health, though without any alarming complaint. In June, however, his indisposition increased, and he expired there on the 1st July thereafter.—In Burns' lines on his death this passage occurs :—

A weeping country joins a widow's tears,
The helpless poor mix with the orphans' cry ;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh !

No. 42.—LORD NAPIER.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh, who would not die with the brave ?

Burns' Song of Death.

FRANCIS, seventh LORD NAPIER, was born 1758 and died 1823. He succeeded to the title in 1785, on the death of his father, Lord William, colonel of the Scots Greys. Francis served in the American war under General Burgoyne. In 1793 he was appointed colonel of the Hopeton Fencibles. In 1796 he was chosen one of the Representative Peers of Scotland. In 1797 he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Selkirk, and in 1802 Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland which last

office he continued to hold for twenty years. In 1805 he was chosen President of the Society in Scotland for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. Admiral Sir Charles Napier is his Lordship's cousin. His Lordship's title descended to his son William, who died at Macao, in China, in 1834, while intrusted with high official duty. His father founded the mason lodge of the Scots Greys, and Francis was initiated in the Canongate Kil-winning Lodge 2d March 1775. When Burns came to Edinburgh, his Lordship's residence was in 10, St Andrew's Square. His Lordship was remarkable for urbanity, and for putting people, particularly the young, entirely at ease in his conversation. He succeeded Lord Elcho as Grand-Master, and, on 16th November 1789, laid the foundation-stone of the College of Edinburgh, with the assistance of the craft, the magistrates, the professors, &c. In his Lordship's address he remarked, "I must ever consider it one of the fortunate events of my life that the Craft of Free and Accepted Masons should be called forth to assist at an undertaking so laudable and so glorious, during the time that, from their affection, I have the honour of sitting in the chair of the Grand Lodge." To this the Principal Robertson replied—"We consider it as a most auspicious circumstance that the foundation-stone of this new mansion of science is laid by your Lordship, who among your ancestors reckon a man whose original and universal genius places him high among the illustrious persons who have contributed most eminently to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge." The person here referred to by the celebrated historian was John Napier of Merchis-

ton, the inventor of logarithms, of whom Lord Napier was one of the lineal descendants, along with the fighting Charlies and other Napiers of the present age, who have distinguished themselves in the British army and navy.

No. 43.—JAMES BOSWELL of Auchinleck, Esq.
Advocate.

Him that led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa major.

Mr BOSWELL, now best known as the biographer of Dr Johnson, was born in 1740. His family dates from the time of William the Conqueror. His ancestor, Thomas Boswell of Auchinleck, appears by the minutes of the Edinburgh Mary's Chapel Lodge, to have been *Master* in 1598. The ancient estate was called Balmuto, situated in Ayrshire, but his father took the title of Auchinleck, as a Judge of the Supreme Court. Thomas Boswell, the first of Auchinleck, fell at Flodden. To him that estate had been gifted by James IV. Burns in early life lived near the Boswells' property. By the minutes of the ancient lodge of Edinburgh St Mary's Chapel, which begin in the year 1598, Thomas Boswell of Auchinleck was Warden of that lodge in 1600. Mr James Boswell spent the younger portion of his life chiefly in England, and had a predilection for joining the army. However, he was persuaded by his father to study the law as a profession. He then proceeded to make the grand tour, and in London he met with Dr Johnson, and, before leaving the city for the continent, he began to note

down his conversations. Mr Boswell returned from abroad in 1766, and afterwards went on a tour to Ireland, where he travelled in company with the daughter of Mr Montgomerie of Lainshaw, a relative of the noble house of Eglington, and a matrimonial alliance was the result, and he afterwards practised at the bar. In 1773 Johnson paid him a visit, and they proceeded on their tour over the north of Scotland, on which Boswell published his "Journey to the Western Islands," and on Johnson's death, in 1785, the famous "Tour to the Hebrides." In 1773 he was elected Master of the C. K. The prominent trait of Boswell's character was that of waiting on learned and distinguished personages, and afterwards retailing their sayings. His father used to sneer at him for "pinning himself to the tail of an auld dominie, wha keepit a schule and ca'd it an academy." In 1781 Boswell removed with his family to London, where he was then called to the bar. In 1791 he brought out "The Life of Dr Johnson." He died in 1795. Dr Johnson had described him as one "whose acuteness would help any inquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation and civility of manners are sufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel, in countries less hospitable than we have passed." Boswell left two sons, Alexander and James. Alexander, who inherited the estate, was author of "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," published in 1803, and of other small works afterwards. Being a keen Tory, he contributed some pasquinades to the Glasgow *Beacon* newspaper, of some of which James Stuart, Esq. of Dunearn, was the subject. Some of the rudest description were repeated, and Stuart was

accused of cowardice. On this he caused inquiry into the authorship, and sent a challenge to Mr Boswell, who, in March 1822, fell in the duel. Mr Stuart was honourably acquitted.

Sir Alex. Boswell of Auchinleck, M.P., originated the idea of raising the monument of Burns in the vicinity of his birth-place at *Doon Brig*, and on 25th January 1820, the foundation-stone was laid by him "as Worshipful Depute Grand-Master of the most ancient Mother Lodge Kilwinning, attended by all the mason lodges in Ayrshire."

NO. 44.—ALEXANDER NASMYTH.

Paint Scotland greetin' owre her thrissle.—*Burns*.

ALEXANDER NASMYTH, Limner, Writer's Court, the father of the Scotch school of landscape painting, was born in Edinburgh, where he received his elementary education. In his youth he went to London, and became the apprenticed pupil of Allan Ramsay, (son of the poet,) at that period one of the most esteemed portrait painters of the metropolis. He afterwards visited Italy, where he pursued his studies for several years, and, having returned to his native city, commenced practising, with great success, as a portrait painter. To his friendship with Burns the world is indebted for the only authentic portrait which exists of the great Scottish poet. His passion for landscape, however, had been gradually gaining ground; and the applause with which his earlier performances in that branch were received, led him for the most part to abandon portrait painting, and give himself up to his favourite pursuit. For many years he employed a considerable portion of his time in giving tuition

at his house in the principles of his art, and received a large income from this source alone.

Mr Nasmyth reared his daughters, and one of his sons, Peter, to the profession of landscape-painters, in which they all excelled.

There is a kindred feeling and character in all their works, which are sought after, on account of their intrinsic excellence. At the age of twenty, Peter went to London, and there got the name of the English Hobbima. Hobbima and Ruysdael seem to have been his favourite masters. He infused their spirit into his works, but still he was original, and true to nature. In his enthusiasm, he went to sketch while suffering from influenza, and died in 1831. His brother, a civil-engineer, is distinguished for his high scientific attainments. They are all spoken of as the "talented family."

No. 45.—JAMES JOHNSON, Luckenbooths.

He wasna gi'en to great misguidin',
But coin his pouches wadna bide in.—*Burns.*

Mr JOHNSON was an engraver, music-seller, and copperplate printer. He was the first to *strike* the music *score* upon pewter, whereby, in his day, he effected a great saving in price. This, and his introduction to Burns, stimulated him to the undertaking of a publication of Scotch songs with the music, which he announced in February, to be in two volumes, with 100 songs in each, the music adapted to the voice, harpsichord, and pianoforte. The first part came out in May, to which Burns contributed *Green Grow the Rashes*, *Young Peggy Blooms*, and *Locherrochside*, besides rendering him

other assistance. Stephen Clark, the organist, harmonized the airs. Burns wrote his friend Candlish, in Glasgow, that he was assisting Johnson, "an honest Scotch enthusiast," and that, to aid him, he had "begged, borrowed, and stolen all the songs he could meet with." And to Johnson himself, before leaving Edinburgh, he wrote on 3d May, "Had my acquaintance with you been a little older, I would have asked the favour of your correspondence, as I have met with few people whose company and conversation gave me so much pleasure; because I have met with few whose sentiments are so congenial to my own. When Dunbar and you meet, tell him that I left Edinburgh with the idea of him hanging somewhere about my heart." Their correspondence and Burns' inestimable contributions of original and amended songs continued, Tytler of Woodhouselee and Blacklock also contributing. In 1794 Burns wrote Johnson:—"I am just now busy correcting a new edition of my poems, and this, with my ordinary business, finds me in full employment. I send you by my friend, Mr Wallace, forty-one songs for your fifth volume. If we cannot finish it in any other way, what would you think of Scotch words to some beautiful Irish airs? In the meantime, at your leisure, give a copy of the '*Museum*' to my worthy friend, Mr Peter Hill, bookseller, to bind for me, interleaved with blank leaves, exactly as he did the Laird of Glenriddel's, that I may insert every anecdote* I can learn, together with my own criticisms and remarks on the songs. A copy of this kind I shall leave with you, the editor, to publish at some after period, by way of making the '*Museum*' a book

* See these in Chambers' People's Edition of Burns.

famous to the end of time, and you renowned for ever." Still the contributions continued, all gratuitous, although Burns was the chief editor; and on 4th July 1796, being seventeen days before his death, he wrote Johnson—"How are you, my dear friend, and how comes on your fifth volume? You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you and your work; but, alas! the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care, has these many months lain heavy on me. Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural muse of Scotia. You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness, which hangs over me, will, I doubt not, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the poet to far more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit or the pathos of sentiment. However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Your work is a great one; and now that it is finished, I see, if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended; yet I will venture to prophesy that to future ages your publication will be the text-book and standard of Scottish song and music." On the subject of these contributions Allan Cunningham says—"Of all poets that ever breathed, Burns possessed the most happy tact of pouring his genius through all the meanderings of

music ; and he was unrivalled in the skill of brooding over the rude conceptions of our old poets, and in warming them into grace and life."

George Thomson, Esq., of the trustees office, Edinburgh, the relative of Mr Dickens, (Boz,) was induced, by hearing Tenducci and Signora Corri sing so charmingly some of the good Scottish songs, to correct the best of them and obtain accompaniments to the melodies worthy of their merit. "Fortunately," (says he,) "I turned my eyes towards Robert Burns, who no sooner was informed of my plan and wishes, than with all the frankness, generosity, and enthusiasm which marked his character, he undertook to write whatever songs I wanted for my work." This again was begun in September 1792, and continued till the death of the bard. Johnson's work was left incomplete by the deaths of Tytler, Blacklock, Burns, Masterton, and Clark. His copyright and music-plates, with the originals of Burns' letters to him, were bought by Mr Blackwood, the publisher ; and Johnson himself died in 1811, leaving a widow in such indigent circumstances that she found shelter in the Charity Workhouse.

NINTH GROUP.

No. 46.—FRANCIS GROSE, Esq., F.A.S. of London and Perth.

If in your bounds you chance to light
 Upon a fine fat fodge wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he—mark weel ;
 And wow ! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.—*Burns.*

Captain GROSE was the son of a jeweller at Richmond, and was born in 1743. He died 1791, in Ireland, while there in the course of his researches for publishing the antiquities of that kingdom. After receiving a good education, he was appointed captain and paymaster of the Surry Militia ; but, being too much attached to the bottle, and of too easy a disposition, he got into difficulties and poverty, and was driven to the necessity of carving out new means of livelihood, and this he was enabled to accomplish by his pencil and pen. He published *Antiquities of England and Wales* ; *Treatise on Ancient Armour* ; *Military Antiquities* ; *A Slang Dictionary*, &c. He came to Edinburgh at the same time with the poet, and remained there throughout part of 1787—in the prosecution of his investigations, in taking sketches, and collecting other materials for his *Antiquities of Scotland*. It is observed by Mr Chambers that when Grose visited Scotland in 1790, for the completion of materials for his *Antiquities*, he became acquainted with Burns at Carse-house ; but as those researches were begun, and *drawings* of the subjects described taken by him long before

this, particularly in the Lothians, as the *impressions* of his drawings shew, it is presumable that the antiquary and poet met in the coteries of Edinburgh, although their intimacy was not matured till they met at Friar's Carse, in the neighbourhood of Burns' farm of Ellisland, of which he only took possession in June 1788. It is doubtful what masonic lodge owns Grose. He certainly was a freemason, or ought to have been, which is pretty much, *quoad hoc*, the same thing. No one, at all events, could have supplied *his* place in the painting, though his apron be somewhat deficient in cable.

Grose to my pen a theme supplies,
 With life and laughter in his eyes.
 Oh, how I can survey with pleasure
 His breast and shoulders' ample measure ;
 His dimpled chin, his rosy cheek,
 His skin, from inward lining, sleek. * * *
 But though so fat, he beats the leaner
 In ease and bodily demeanour ;
 And in that mass of flesh so droll
 Resides a social, generous soul. * * *
 With Horace, if in height compar'd,
 He somewhat overtops the bard ;
 Like Virgil, too, I must confess,
 He's rather negligent in dress :
 Restless, besides, he loves to roam,
 And when he seems most fix'd at home,
 Grows quickly tir'd, and breaks his tether,
 And scours away in spite of weather. * * *
 He yet with learning keeps alliance,
 Far travell'd in the books of science,
 Knows more, I can't tell how, than those
 Who pore whole years o'er verse and prose.

Would a good freemason give this account, in reference to the famous ruin of Roslin Chapel?—Grose tells the cicerone's story:—"The master mason who built it, meeting with difficulties in the execution of the design, found it necessary to go

to Rome for information. Meantime one of his apprentices overcame the difficulty, and the master, on his return, being stung with envy, murdered him, and a figure of the apprentice, with the deadly wound marked, forms one of the carved ornaments." "Most certainly," says Grose, "this is all fiction." Similar stories are told of similar buildings, one in particular, of the famous rose window at Rouen, in Normandy. But the legend goes farther, for it adds that, being condemned to death for the cruel action, no workman could be found capable of completing the work, wherefore he was pardoned by the Pope, and, on completion of the building, became a monk.

In his preface, Grose says, "To my ingenious friend, Mr Robert Burns, I have been variously obligated. He not only was at the pains of marking out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire—the country honoured by his birth—but he also wrote expressly for this work (!!) the pretty tale annexed to the Alloway Church." When he comes to describe it, he says, "This church is also famous for being the place wherein the witches and warlocks used to hold their infernal meetings on Sabbaths, and prepare for their magical unctions. Here, too, they used to amuse themselves with dancing to the pipes of the muckle horned deil. Divers stories of these horrid rites are still current; one of which my worthy friend, Mr Burns, has here favoured me with in verse." Then follows *Tam o' Shanter—A Tale*. Burns had requested the antiquarian to include in his work a drawing of Alloway Kirk, the burial place of his father, and Grose assented, on condition that Burns would furnish a witch-tale connected with it.

He wrote *Grose* with three short tales. The best is meagre enough when considered as the ground-work of what alone would have immortalized its author.

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till, by the time he reached Alloway, it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled, that he involuntarily burst out with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprang to seize him; but it was too late; nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly tail-less condition of the vigorous steed, was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

Those tales were communicated only in 1792. Meantime, on 23d January 1791, Burns writes

Cunningham, "I have just finished a poem which you will receive enclosed.* It is my first assay in the way of tales." In communicating the prose tale, it is probable that Burns wrote his

Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose,
Igo and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes,
Iram coram dago?

No. 47.—JAMES GREGORY, M.D.

Now—worthy GREGORY's Latin face!—*Burns*.

This gentleman was sprung from a race of talented men, there having been a succession of brilliant descendants from John Gregory, clergyman of Drumoak, in Aberdeenshire, (the property of the very ancient family of Irvine,) where his son, James, was born in 1638, who was famous for valuable discoveries, which tended to accelerate the progress of the mathematical and physical sciences. Dr John Gregory, a distinguished physician of the last century, a descendant of that family, was the father of this James, who was born in 1753, and educated at the Grammar School of Aberdeen and the University of Edinburgh, and succeeded his father and Dr Cullen as Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh. He published *Philosophical and Literary Essays*; *A Dissertation on the Theory of the Moods and Verbs*; *First Lines of the Practice of Physic*; *a Guide for Gentlemen Studying Medicine*, and also some satirical pieces. He was initiated

* Proof sheet of part of Grose's Fifth Book, containing *Tam o' Shanter*

in Freemasonry in the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, as appears by the minutes.

On the 2d June 1789 he writes Burns, "I take the first leisure hour to thank you for your letter and the copy of verses enclosed in it." (*On Seeing a Wounded Hare Limp by.*) Gregory criticised the verses in his own blunt way, and Burns, in a letter to Professor D. Stewart, speaks of the "justness or injustice (for he has no bowels of compassion for a poor poetic sinner) of Dr Gregory's remarks."

He is represented in the picture as if jocularly in his own native Doric endeavouring to persuade the peripatetic English antiquarian, Grose, that "tho' the chiel's spike a vera pecooliar dealick aboot Ayrshire, nae-the-less the Captain wad fin' gueed English spak by paarish squeel'd ploumen-poet loonies hin' awa' i' the Buck o' the Cab-brachoh."

No. 48.—ALEXANDER WOOD, Surgeon, Royal Exchange.

Who scouted feelings fritter'd and refin'd,
But had an ample heart for all mankind.

Epitaph by A. BOSWELL of Auchinleck.

Mr WOOD was born 1725, died 1807. He was the son of Mr Wood of Warriston, who had a farm adjacent to Broughton village, now the centre of the New Town of Edinburgh. There are "old boys" alive who, having in those days no fears of county police, remember of stealing turnips from the fields there. The son became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and practised

in Edinburgh. He was highly gifted, active, benevolent, and remarkable for simplicity and kindness of heart, and was known best by the familiarly affectionate name of *Sandy* Wood, which he, too, used when speaking of himself. Numerous are the anecdotes told illustrative of his warmth of heart. He joined the C. K. in 1775, and there he met the poet. After Burns' Highland tour, he happened to spend an evening with a small party in Alison's Square, of which the beautiful, sprightly, and accomplished Mrs Agnes M'Lehose was one. He was so much pleased with her, that he could not help expressing his regret that he had not made her acquaintance earlier, as he was then about to retire from the bustling life of Edinburgh. Their mutual friend, Miss Nimmo, led him into the writing of a note to Mrs M'Lehose, and another small party was arranged. On December 8 he had to write her, "I can with truth say that I never met with a person in my life whom I more anxiously wished to meet again than yourself. To-night I was to have had that very great pleasure. I was intoxicated with the idea; but an unlucky fall from a coach has so bruised one of my knees, that I can't stir my leg off a cushion, so if I don't see you again, I shall not rest in my grave for chagrin." He was then living in W. Cruickshanks' house, St James' Square. Mr Wood was called in to attend him, and Burns was confined to his room for several weeks. The correspondence which was opened with Mrs M'Lehose continued daily during this time, he taking the signature of Sylvander and she that of Clarinda. She wrote, "I am glad to hear Mr Wood attends you; he is a good soul, and a safe surgeon. I know him a little.

I have promised you my friendship; it will be your fault if I ever withdraw it." This had reference to the impetuosity of Burns' character; for whatever could be said as to the imprudence of both parties, it is impossible to read the correspondence from end to end without arriving at the conclusion, that no charge of a deeper die could be maintained against either. Although garbled copies of the letters,* and of the verses they wrote to one another, raised some presumption, their intimacy was merely of an ethereal nature; and she consulted her clergyman on the subject. Towards its close she wrote Burns, "I believe our friendship will be lasting, its basis is firm virtue, similarity of tastes, feelings, and sentiments." Mrs M'Lehose having been badly treated, and finally deserted by her husband, she, with a slender patrimony, maintained herself and reared her children in respectability. She knew how Burns was situated with his Jean, and presented "twa sarkies" to his first twins. She was befriended by her cousin, Lord Craig, then an advocate at the Scotch bar, who frequently met Burns, and who was a contributor, next in amount to H. Mackenzie, to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*. She was in the habit of having small parties, at which Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*; Graham, author of *The Sabbath*; James Gray, author of *The Sabbath among the Mountains*; Robert Ainslie, author of *The Hope that is within us*, were her guests. She went to Jamaica, after a separation of some years from her husband, who had emigrated, in the hope of experiencing a favour-

* There was a surreptitious publication of the letters about 1814, owing to a breach of confidence reposed by her.

able change in his character, and for the sake of her children. In this she was woefully disappointed. She returned; her husband did not long survive, and she continued her little parties for a period of forty years. Her only son was apprenticed to Robert Ainslie. She survived her son, and after a long serene widowhood, died in October 1841. These lines are given as a specimen of her composition—

Talk not of Love ! it gives me pain—
For Love has been my foe :
He bound me in an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in wo !

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove—
There welcome win and wear the prize,
But never talk of Love.

The " Hand of Friendship " I accept—
May Honour be our guard !
Virtue our intercourse direct,
Her smiles our dear reward !

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought,
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

Burns inserted these lines in the *Scots Musical Museum*, to the air of " The Banks of Spey," with this as the last stanza—

Your friendship much can make me blest,
O, why that bliss destroy ?
Why urge the odious one request
You know I must deny ?

The letters of Burns to this lady are highly interesting, and exhibit his intellectual powers.

The temptation of this digression could not be resisted. Mr Wood at this time procured from Mr Graham, of Fintray, Commissioner of Excise, the appointment of Burns as an officer. He be-

stowed uncommon attention on an extensive business, but could always find time both for healthful relaxation and social pleasure. He was president of the club of the invigorating Scottish game of golf, and, on the death of their "*Gymnaciarchus Magnus*," the members wrote—

Let us profit by example,
 Let us imitate the good ;
 With courage, yet with tender feeling,
 Let us live and die like Wood.

No. 49.— DAVID RAMSAY of the Edinburgh
 Evening Courant.

We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help or roose us,
 But browster wives and whisky stills,
 They are the muses.—*Burns*.

This gentleman was the proprietor of the thrice-a-week newspaper, the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, which now belongs to his son. Burns had not been many days in Edinburgh till the following lines appeared in that paper:—

Weel, Rab, I conn'd o'er a' your beuk,
 As I sat i' the ingle neuk
 Yestreen, nor coost a sidlin' look,
 I was sae keen ;
 Nor preed my gill, nor bannock breuk,
 Till I was deen.

Let FERGUSON or RAMSAY brag,
 Yet by my soul you are a wag !
 You jog awa' your aiver nag
 At a brow lilt ;
 But creesh o' whip or prickle jag
 To had her till't.

Whar win ye, man ? gin ane may spier.
 Our Embrugh fo'k say ye're at Ayr ;
 Lord, lad, giff I could meet you there,
 Tho' few my placks,
 Ane o' SIR WILLIE's notes I'd ware
 Upo' your cracks.

Or should you this way cast your louman,
And shew yoursel' in likeness human,
Ye'd prove to *College hashes'* view, man,

A sair affliction,
The *prince o' poets an' o' ploughmen*
Nay lyin' fiction.

Ye say ye are a wat-mow'd birkie,
And wi' the lasses play at smirkie;
My fegs ! ye'll fin' nae better dirkie,
Than they same twa,

To lay ye yavil, like a stirkie
Chok'd i' the sta'.

Tak tent, ye loon, be nae sae baul',
O' Mah'met's fare to hae a haul,
Tho' rife o' spunk, an' soun' in spaul,
Ca' nae o'er fast—

The Can that gangs aft to the Wall
Will crack at last.

Poor Ferguson ! I kent him weel,
He was a blythsome canty chiel;
“ I've seen him roun' the bickers reel,”

And lilt his sang,
An' crack his joke, sae pat an' leal,
Ye'd neer thought lang.

O had you seen as I hae seen him,
When nae “ *blue devils* ” did pervene him,
And heard the *pipe* the Lord had gi'en him
In *Scottish air*,

Ye'd aiblins for an angel taen him,
He sang sae rare.

But when by these d—d fiends attacket,
His fine-spun soul they hew'd and hacket,
Your very heart-strings wad hae cracket
To 've seen him than ;

He was just like a headless tacket
In shape o' man.

Eh, RAB, he was like mony ane,
Wha get a *pund*, that tak' a *stane*;
He had a spark frae Phoebus gi'en,
But, ah ! waes wow !

It blaz'd up like a comet keen,
An' brunt his pow.

Alas ! this is o'er douf a spring
For you to hear or me to sing ;
In troth, I fin' I am no *the thing*

Whan thinkin' o' him ;
 Sae, sin' he's gane, may the Great King
 Great mercy shew him.

An' now, my honest cock, fareweel,
 Lang may you ca' your rhyming wheel,
 And when your bluid begins to jeel
 And shanks grow fozie,
 May Abram's bosom be your biel',
 To haud you cozie.

The lines on page 27 also appeared in this journal, and Burns having formed an intimacy with Ramsay, alluded to him and his paper in a jocular letter to Peter Hill, with the present of a cheese, saying—"I grant you his periods are very well turned, so is a fresh egg, and a very good thing, but when thrown at a man in the pillory, it does not at all improve his figure, not to mention the irreparable loss of the egg."

No. 50.—JOHN GRAY, Writer to the Signet.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts.—*Burns.*

JOHN GRAY, W.S., city clerk, was, along with Mr Buchan, the city chamberlain, initiated on the evening of the inauguration. Mr Richmond, with whom Burns lodged, says William Nicol and Mr John Gray were among his most intimate convivial friends. *Burgh Reform* was a subject mooted at this period, and it was one on which the city clerk and the poet of *freedom* widely differed. On 2d February 1790 Burns writes Peter Hill, inquiring "what has become of *Burgh Reform*?" While Burns was in Edinburgh, Mr Gray was advertising the plans for building the new South Bridge, making an entrance to it from Lothian Road, and for removing part of Milne Square.

X.—JUNIOR WARDEN'S GROUP.



No. 51.—JOHN MILLAR, Advocate.

See social life and glee sit down
All joyous and unthinking.—*Burns.*

Mr MILLAR had recently before this period been called to the bar, and was elected Junior Warden in June 1786. He introduced his brother, Archibald, a writer to the Signet, as appears by the minute of February. Archibald died a few years since, and John emigrated to America. He signed his name *Jo Millar*, and probably to some extent, from that circumstance, having reference to the immortal Jo, the witty actor of 1700, he has the credit of being a great wit. He certainly partook of his father's vivacity and amiability. His father, John Millar, senior, advocate, son of John Millar, parish clergyman of Shotts, was Professor of Scotch Law in the University of Glasgow. His manner of lecturing, says Lord Jeffrey, one of his pupils, "was familiar and animated, approaching more nearly to gaiety than enthusiasm; and the facts which he had to state, or the elementary positions which he had to lay down, were given in the simple, clear, and unembarrassed diction, in which a well-bred man would tell a story or deliver an opinion in society. His illustrations were always familiar, and often amusing. No individual ever did more to break down the old and unfortunate distinction between the wisdom of the academician and the man of the

world." During this winter, 1787, he published his "Historical View of the English Government from the settlement of the Saxons in Britain to the accession of the House of Stewart."

No. 52.—CAPT. FR. BARTLET of Milton House,
Canongate.

He was one of those initiated at the preceding meeting of 1st February, when the poet was affiliated; and, as he says in the song—

The soldier's wealth is honour—

this officer is introduced from a fancy portrait as the best representative of the absent new members.

No. 53.—ROBERT AINSLIE, Writer to the Signet.

With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd.—*Burns.*

This gentleman was born in 1766, at Berrywell, near Dunse, where his father had some charge of the Berwickshire estates of Lord Douglass, and he died in 1838. During his apprenticeship to Samuel Nicolson, W.S., he was initiated in St Luke's Lodge of Edinburgh, and, when twenty years of age, met Burns at a masonic meeting. A warm attachment immediately sprung up between them, and they were in the habit of taking walks together in the neighbourhood of the city. Immediately after the publication of the second edition of the poems, they, on 6th May, proceeded together on a tour to the south of Scotland, as to which Burns opened a Diary. The correspondence was continued regularly afterwards. In the course of it Burns tells him, "I have set you down as the staff of my old age, when the whole list of my

friends will, after a decent share of pity, have forgot me.

The' in the morn comes sweat and strife,
Yet joy may come at noon,
And I hope to live a merry life
When a' thir days are done.

In 1820-21 he published "A Father's Gift" and "A Father's Present," and, in 1832, "Reasons for the Hope that is in us," which embraces the former two Essays. This last publication is prefaced with the explanation that, "being in the profession of the law, and accustomed to the discussion of proof, it occurred to me to apply the rules, with which I was thereby familiar, to the subject of the Christian religion. One of the Essays is taken up with a consideration of those views which might have been supposed to have occurred to an enlightened and unprejudiced heathen, had he been led to visit Jerusalem in the time of our Saviour; with what might be considered to have been his reasonings there on a comparison of the true religion with the Pagan theologies; and on a contrast of the morals of even the most advanced ancient nations, with the beautiful system which Christ was then introducing." This work is the result of great research, into which the author says he was, by the consideration of the notice in Mr Hume's Essay on the Miracles of Alexander of Pontus playing off deceptions in Pathlagonia, led, to bring the question to issue with Mr Hume. In the course of his illustrations, Mr Ainslie instances and goes into the particulars of the case of Lee Boo, son of the Rupaek or King of one of the Pelew Islands, being brought away by Captain Wilson of the *Antelope* for improvement in Britain. And as this occurred in 1783, and as Mr Ainslie appears to have enter-

tained those exercises of his reasoning powers at an early age, it is a fair inference that they formed the subject of the valuable discussions and inquiries of the ardent minds of both Ainslie and Burns during their walking excursions. Ainslie was acquainted with Clarinda, and aware of the sentiments entertained by her and her favourite poet of one another, and was often present at their interviews.

No. 54.—WILLIAM WOODS, Tragedian.

To thee, whose genius can provoke
The passions to the *bowl* or *sock*,
For love to thee, Woods, and the Nine,
Be my immortal Shakspeare thine.

Ferguson's Last Will.

WILLIAM WOODS, actor, Shakspeare Square, was born about 1750, and, during the thirty years preceding his death, was the leading actor of the Edinburgh stage; and so great a favourite was he with the public, that the manager could not supersede him, though he tried it. Woods was one of the original members of the Defensive Band Lodge, the charter of which, dated 4th November 1782, narrates that there were upwards of fifty free and accepted masons members of the Edinburgh Defensive Band, which was an association "for the use and exercise of arms for the defence of their country, families, friends, and fellow-citizens, and that, in order to strengthen their union in brotherly love, friendship, and cordiality, they conceived" the formation of the lodge. Burns met him, if not sooner, at the meeting of that lodge on 23d January 1787. Woods, however, had been enrolled as a member of the Canongate Kilwinning.

On the 17th January he performed Joseph, in the *School for Scandal*, under the patronage of the Caledonian Hunt, who had taken up Burns as a lion. Woods, during the winter, played Lovemore, in *The Way to Keep Him*; on the 22d, Clifford, in *The Heiress*. This was under the patronage of "The Most Worshipful Grand-Master Francis Charteris, Esq., and the ancient and honourable fraternity of Freemasons." During February Wood played Crevill, Glenalvon, Beverly, Percy, Lord Townley; and, on the 16th April, for his own benefit, Ford, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, on which occasion he spoke the prologue composed for him by Burns. He was himself a poet, and an intimacy was formed between them. He was a great friend of Robert Ferguson the poet.

It is remarkable that portraits of such a person should not exist. The manager of the Theatre-Royal mentions that he had never seen any; but, since the inquiry, one has been discovered of him in the character of Glenalvon. He is represented in the picture as making an offer from the wassail bowl, in welcome of the stranger or visiting brother who has just come into the lodge. The use of the bowl did not continue long after this. The blue stone one which belonged to Burns, was presented by the sober Gilbert Burns to Alexander Cunningham, for whom Mr Hector Gavin, then a young man, engraved on its silver rim-plate the stanza quoted at the head of Chap. III. Col. Cunningham rejected a proffered present of it, conceiving this *lapis ollaris** to have been the *rock-a-head* of his brother Alexander. It then passed by purchase into the hands of a

* Inverary House is built of it.

Glasgow merchant; and learn ye teetotallers, (for then a-days ye were not invented, to point a moral,) the possession of this *bottle-imp* continued disastrous, for the merchant became bankrupt, and it changed hands again and again.

In complete household establishments of those days, a servant's duty was to take precautions against attacks of apoplexy. On one occasion, *The Man of Feeling* was attracted by the groans of a person sprawling drunk on the floor of a dark room, and to the question, Who are you? he was answered, "I'm the lad that looses the neckcloths!"

Then tread lightly o'er the grave of Burns, for he reminds us that—

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted!

No. 55.—A VISITING BROTHER.

Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers,
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men Brithers?—*Burns*

It was intended to introduce into the picture Gavin Turnbull, a contemporary of the Ayrshire poet, whom Burns acknowledges, in Oct. 1793, as "an old friend of mine." Burns speaks praisingly of Turnbull on sending copies of his songs for George Thomson's collection, but no portrait could be found of him, nor of Burns' rhyming correspondent, James Lapraik, nor of Ranken, by whom he was initiated in masonry, nor of the poet's trusty friend, John Smith; nor of Dreghorn the Saughton farmer, with whom Burns associated in Edinburgh. The fame of Burns deluged Scotland, and particularly Ayrshire, with "Scotch poems"—where generally poetry was not. Turnbull was amongst the best of the exceptions. He says—

First, Irvine, on thy banks I strung
The Lyre, and love's soft passion sung.

His father, "Jammy Trummel," was a dyer, and reared Gavin to the weaving of carpets. He lived in a small garret without other furniture than a bed of straw, a coverlid, and a stone to sit upon. There he wrote his verses on the sole of the small window; and there he ate his victuals which he cooked with no other utensils than a tin lid, a spoon, and a kettle; the lid serving as a bowl. Here he composed; and here he described the place, and expressed his enjoyment of the charms of nature—

By this you'll figure to yoursel,
Dear lad, the method how I dwell
And pass the lonely time.
In a wee housie, warm and snug,
I sit beside the chimla lug,
And spin awa' my rhyme.
Sometimes the weary play I curse
That fortune to my share
Has thrown, which ever hauds my purse
Sae toom and back sae bare :
Then grumbling and rumbling,
I throw awa' my pen,
For ever mair never
To write for tasteless men.

The sweets o' nature a' are ours,
The verdant fields, the blooming flowers,
The woodland and the plain.

To us the bonny months of spring
Delights and soft sensations bring
The vulgar ne'er attain.

How sweet when night is calm and still,
Beneath pale Phœbus' ray,
Along the margin of a rill,

To wind our lonely way :
Still musing and chusing
Ideas fit to move
Some charmer, and warm her
With all the flames of love.'

In 1788 he published *Poetical Essays*, contain-

ing two hundred and twenty-four pages of Elegies, Pastorals, Odes, Poetical Essays, and Songs in the Scottish Language. One piece in the Spenserian stanza is inscribed to Burns. A verse occurs which would almost lead to the probability that Turnbull visited the Can: Kil: Lodge; for it is difficult to imagine where ~~else~~ he could in those days hear the Diapason rowling joyful notes—

To snatch the pleasures as they fly. .

Alter a word, and hear him :—

Now ~~tilde~~ the pond'rous gate and rouse the fire,
Produce the flask and fill the massy bowl;
To gloomy haunt let wrinkled Care retire,
Let joy abound, possessing every soul;
Let Boreas bluster, and the tempest howl,
'Tis ours to snatch the pleasures as they fly:
Now up the lofty Diapason rowl,
'Tis music gives the purest extasy,
And lifts the soul from earth exalted to the sky.

Turnbull formed an acquaintance with theatrical gentlemen, and having always a predilection for recitations, he went to the stage, and Burns and he renewed their intimacy in Dumfries at the theatre in which Turnbull was engaged. Finally he emigrated to America.

XI.—THE TILER'S LOT.



No. 56.—This official is shewing in one in whom he has recognised a Brother of the Order. Over his head is a figure (No. 57) representing *Secrecy*. There is another figure (No. 58) above the organ, representing the *Light of Masonry*. The full portrait which hangs in the Lodge is that of—

No. 59—WILLIAM ST CLAIR of Roslin.

Like St Clair live, like St Clair die.

This gentleman was born 1700, and died in 1778. Prior to his death he lived in Liberton's Wynd. He presented the antique mallet which is on the Master's table. The Earl of Caithness always disputed Mr Sinclair's pretensions to the representation of the elder family of Roslin, and the office of Hereditary Grand-Master, (See pages 16 and 65.) He was remarkably expert in athletic exercises, such as archery, golfing, &c. His remains lie with his ancestors in that matchless structure of the earliest Scotch masons, Roslin Chapel.

No. 60.—HENRY SEDGEFIELD.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;
 My trunk of eild, *sans* buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh ! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain !
 Ye golden times o' youthfu' prime,
 Why come you not again ?

HENRY SEDGEFIELD, who, in December 1786, was in his 108th year, is introduced in the picture as just entering the lodge to obtain what substantial good there is in Masonry. He belonged originally to Scarborough, and had been a seaman during eighty years, having gone to sea when Britain had no crowned head. He was twice a prisoner of war of the French. He died about October 1787. The Order used to be much resorted to by seamen, as furnishing the means of introduction and support in cases of shipwreck, where all is lost but life. Instances are said to have frequently occurred during land battles and naval engagements of the

sign of masonry being the means of saving life. Thus it is said that, in the Battle of Dettingen, 1743, one of the king's guards having his horse killed under him, was so entangled among its limbs that he was unable to extricate himself, when an English dragoon galloped up to him, and with uplifted sabre was about to deprive him of life; but the French soldier having made *the sign*, the dragoon recognised it, and not only saved his life, but freed him from his dangerous situation. He was made prisoner by the English dragoon, who was aware that the ties of masonry cannot dissolve those of patriotism. A similar instance was related by the late Admiral Sir D. Milne as having occurred at sea under his own eye. But the advantage in the vanquished giving the *sign* to his conqueror would vanish, and with it *the mysteries* of masonry, if the hope expressed in the words composed and sung by Bro. W. Donaldson* could be realized—

May Masonry the world around
 One UNIVERSAL LODGE be found;
 May Faith, and Hope, and Charity
 Still be the *bond* to make us *free*;
 And he that would our hope deny—
 Down among "dead men" there let him lie.

* This member of the Celtic Lodge placed, with masonic ceremony, the cop-stone of the monument reared in Edinburgh, to the memory of Bro. WALTER SCOTT of the Lodge Edinburgh St David's.



APPENDIX.

THE respectful thanks of the artist and of the compiler of this pamphlet (owner of the picture) are due to noble and distinguished families for the ready access given to portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Sir Henry Raeburn, Mr G. Watson, Mr Skirving, and other masters, as well as to miniatures, engravings, &c., and to biographical information for the better illustration of the subject. The design of the foregoing pages was to trace briefly Burns' early youth and career in Freemasonry, and to describe that striking incident of his life, his visit to Edinburgh; to exhibit his reception there; to lay open to the eyes of the fair sex a reasonable portion of the mysteries of masonry, and to shew that it was by means of that Order that the peasant-poet at once took his position in the Scotch metropolis. Having furnished biographical annals and anecdotes of many of the distinguished men who figured with him on the scene; and resuscitated some rhymes ex-

pressive of the views held of him at the time, the inquiry is still naturally suggested how Burns comported himself, and what were his own impressions; and also to allude to the impression he made on the minds of others at the time, and the views as now entertained upon all these matters. This, as an Appendix, was suggested to the compiler as still desiderated, and it may, perhaps, be accomplished by a very few quotations. From the time Burns arrived in Edinburgh his best letters were addressed to Mrs Dunlop, and in the first, dated 15th January 1787, he says—

You are afraid I shall grow intoxicated with my prosperity as a poet. Alas! Madam, I know myself and the world too well. I do not mean any airs of affected modesty; I am willing to believe that my abilities deserve some notice; but in a most enlightened, informed age and nation, where poetry is and has been the study of men of the first natural genius, aided with all the powers of polite learning, polite books, and polite company—to be dragged forth to the full glare of learned and polite observation, with all my imperfections of awkward rusticity and crude unpolished ideas on my head—I assure you, Madam, I do not dissemble when I tell you I tremble for the consequences. The novelty of a poet in my obscure situation, without any of those advantages which are reckoned necessary for that character, at least at this time of day, has raised a partial tide of public notice, which has borne me to a height, where I am absolutely, feelingly certain, my abilities are inadequate to support me; and too surely do I see that time when the same tide will leave me, and recede, perhaps, as far below the mark of truth. I do not say this in the ridiculous affectation of self-abasement and modesty. I have studied myself, and know what ground I occupy; and however a friend or the world may differ from me, in that particular, I stand for my own opinion, in silent resolve, with all the tenaciousness of property. I mention this to you once for-all, to disburden my mind, and I do not wish to hear or say more about it. But,

When proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes, you will bear me witness that, when my bubble of fame was at the highest, I stood unintoxicated with the inebriating cup in my hand, looking forward with rueful resolve to the hastening time when the blow of calumny should dash it to the ground, with all the eagerness of vengeful triumph.

Professor Blair, in reply to a similar letter, wrote him :—

The success which you have met with, I do not think was beyond your merits. Your situation, as you say, was indeed very singular; and in being brought out, all at once, from the shades of deepest privacy to so great a share of public notice and observation, you had to stand a severe trial. I am happy that you have stood it so well; and, as far as I have known or heard, though in the midst of many temptations, without reproach to your character and behaviour. There is no doubt a gloss of novelty which time wears off. As you very properly hint yourself, you are not to be surprised, if in your rural retreat you do not find yourself surrounded with that glare of notice and applause which here shone upon you. No man can be a good poet without being somewhat of a philosopher. He must lay his account that any one who exposes himself to public observation, will occasionally meet with the attacks of illiberal censure, which it is always best to overlook and despise. He will be inclined sometimes to court retreat, and to disappear from public view. He will not affect to shine always, that he may at proper seasons come forth with more advantage and energy. He will not think himself neglected if he be not praised.

Dugald Stewart made this observation :—

The attentions he received during his stay in town from all ranks and descriptions of persons, were such as would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I could perceive any unfavourable effect which they left on his mind. He retained the same simplicity of manners and appearance which had struck me so forcibly when I first saw him in the country; nor did he seem to feel any additional self-importance from the number and rank of his new acquaintance.

In Mr Lockhart's Life of Burns these forcible observations occur :—

It needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars must have been, in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail, at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation, a most thorough conviction that, in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered

by their notice ; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion ; overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius, astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay, to tremble visibly—beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos ; and all this without indicating the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it ; and last, and probably worst of all, who was known to be in the habit of enlivening societies which they would have scorned to approach, still more frequently than their own, with eloquence no less magnificent ; with wit, in all likelihood still more daring ; often enough, as the superiors whom he fronted without alarm might have guessed from the beginning, and had, ere long, no occasion to guess, with wit pointed at themselves.

While Burns was “ the life of the Lodge,” or, at concerts, carrying the ladies “ off their feet” by the fire of his glowing eyes, or taking his French lessons from Louis Cauvin, or enlightening the minds of the High School teachers, or astonishing the caustic wits of the *Chro Callan corps* with his powers of repartee during his evenings, and charming the learned professors and other literati with his acute observations during rambles over the Braid Hills in the morning, enforcing his political sentiments among the tory loungers of Creech’s shop in the afternoon, he was taking an hour of the midnight oil to hear his bedfellow, John Richmond, read him asleep, or he poured forth his bright and striking thoughts in correspondence :—

We know nothing, (thus he writes,) or next to nothing, of the structure of our souls, so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some fa-

yourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the *Æolian* harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident; or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or wo beyond death and the grave.

Of his character and of the variety of opinion regarding the treatment of Burns by his country, and of the reception with which poets generally are met, Mr Thos. Carlyle has these passages in his eloquent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1828, No. 96:—

The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less, kindness than it usually shews to such men. It has ever, we fear, shewn but small favour to its teachers; hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the cross, the poison-chalice, have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for Wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's Martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a mad-house; Camoens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the Prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns' order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect great kindness from it, but rather is bound to do it great kindness; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of the world's goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

. . . The words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." If he cannot first so make his life, then let him hasten from this arena; for neither its lofty glories nor its fearful perils are fit for him. Let him

dwindle into a modish balladmonger ; let him worship and be-sing the idols of the time, and the time will not fail to reward him. If, indeed, he can endure to live in that capacity ! Byron and Burns could not live as idol priests, but the fire of their own hearts consumed them ; and better it was for them that they could not. For it is not in the favour of the great or of the small, but in a life of truth, and in the inexpugnable citadel of his own soul, that a Byron's or a Burns' strength must lie. Let the great stand aloof from him, or know how to reverence him. Beautiful is the union of wealth with favour and furtherance for literature ; like the costliest flower-jar enclosing the loveliest amaranth. Yet let not the relation be mistaken. A true poet is not one whom they can hire by money or flattery to be a minister of their pleasures, their writer of occasional verses, their purveyor of table-wit ; he cannot be their menial, he cannot even be their partisan. At the peril of both parties, let no such union be attempted ! Will a Courser of the Sun work softly in the harness of a Dray-horse ? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands ; will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale, for earthly appetites, from door to door ?

. . . With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble ; neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakspeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves ; this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye : for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day ; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines !

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS,

CONCERNING THE PAINTING OF THE INAUGURATION.

While Mr Watson was putting the last touches to his painting of "THE INAUGURATION," formal circulars were sent to the Editors of all the Edinburgh Journals, inviting them or their critics to a view of it, and these notices appeared:—

(From the Scotsman, 25th March.)

THE INAUGURATION OF BURNS, by Mr STEWART WATSON.

We have been favoured with a private view of this fine picture. The incident in the life of our great Scottish poet which it represents, may at first sight be thought a comparatively unimportant one, but when we recollect that it was one of the few occasions on which, during his lifetime, his poetical genius was publicly acknowledged and proclaimed, we must at once allow that in this view the event is not without its interest and significance. It is otherwise well adapted for pictorial representation, inasmuch as it has enabled the artist to introduce a large number of portraits of the poet's most distinguished contemporaries, as well as those of many of his less generally celebrated friends and acquaintances, which greatly augments the interest and value of the picture. We believe no exertion has been spared to obtain authentic materials in the shape of family pictures or prints, from which to give accurate portraits of the numerous individuals present at the ceremony, and in almost every instance materials for his purpose were obtained. Among the persons represented are many of the most famous Scotchmen of last century. Henry Erskine, Monboddo, Earl Glencairn, Mackenzie, Grose, Hunter Blair, Dr A. Wood, Earl of Buchan, Baron Norton, Dugald Stewart, Lord Napier, Boswell, (Johnson's biographer,) are only a few of the names, given at random, which now rise to our recollection, whose figures are portrayed on Mr Watson's revivifying canvas. In all, the persons represented number about sixty, and great skill is displayed in the manner in which so large a number of figures are arranged upon the scene, so as to give variety of attitude and individuality of character to each, without destroying the unity of the action or diverting the eye of the spectator from the main interest of the piece. The poet is represented as receiving a wreath or

chaplet from the president or master of the society, and his fine manly figure and intellectual countenance have received ample justice from the hands of Mr Watson. We are inclined to think that his head is not quite so large as it should have been, but this impression may arise from the contrast with the heads of most of the other figures, which are generally arrayed in the full wigs of that period, while the poet wears his own dark locks in their natural state. Altogether, the intrinsic interest of the subject, and the very able manner in which it has been handled, render this a valuable historical picture, and we trust that it will be engraved in a style worthy of its merits.

(From the Advertiser, 27th March.)

FINE ARTS.—THE INAUGURATION of ROBERT BURNS as Poet-Laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Masonic Lodge. A Painting by Mr STEWART WATSON.

We have been favoured with a private view of this picture. It represents the interior of a Freemason Lodge, with the members assembled, and the Poet advanced to the President's chair to receive the wreath in token of his Laureateship, an event in the Poet's life which is, probably, not generally known as having really occurred. So far as we believe, this is the first time a Mason Lodge has been, in a manner, opened to public view; it is certainly the first time it can be said that Caledonia's Bard has been historically represented. The picture occupies a canvas of about 6½ by 4½ feet, and embraces about sixty of the Poet's friends and contemporaries, as they might have been seen fifty-eight years ago, all participating in the occasion, and taking their proper and characteristic parts in this amiable ceremony. The subject has proved one of the most felicitous for good pictorial treatment, and it is not easy to conceive how any artist could have done more ample justice to it in any respect. First, in the general conception of the subject, much creative skill has been exercised;—then, the one effect of *light and shadow* pervading the picture, as a whole, and the same as carried into the treatment of groups and individuals, and throughout the still-life of the hall, is admirable. The *grouping*, too, has been a work of infinite care, and the result evinces great taste, and pleasing and striking natural action, variety of character, and appropriate expression. The *perspective*, not merely of this charmingly decorative and decorated interior, but of the respective positions of the figures, as well in relative strengths as in size, has been managed according to the strict rule of nature, so that there is nowhere seen, as is often the case in pictorial representations of assemblages, heads peeping from where there is no vacant space for the bodies,

nor is there the too common rival struggle to make every head a principal one. The *drawing* seems not only faultless, but the individual figures are gracefully introduced, and indicate varieties of dignity, familiarity, the subdued conversation, the excited, or the contemplative repose appropriate to each character, as they are named and described in the Index. And this leads us to the *likenesses*; in which respect alone the picture is highly valuable and interesting, representing, as it does, so many leading, important, and well-known favourites of the bygone age, from the most authentic sources, and chiefly, as we had the opportunity of remarking, from portraits preserved by their respective families. The figure and face of Burns, and his native untutored grace of action, cannot fail to image forth the Ayrshire ploughman, as he is depicted on every Scottish heart, just as he would have depicted himself on such an occasion. In *colouring*, there is a captivating balance, variety, and harmony; and the effects of light and shade alluded to have been studiously made out, independently of the aid of colour, so that the work is peculiarly adapted for an effective engraving. On the whole, we congratulate our townsman, Mr Watson, most cordially on this *essay* of his cultivated taste and artistic comprehension and powers, which cannot fail to give a lustre to his name. We congratulate, too, the art in the possession of such native talent; and, with no less heartiness, do we congratulate the public in having a treat so congenial to their feelings before them. The picture is most important, as illustrative of the time, and also of the people among whom the great rustic minstrel was thrown.

(*From the Evening Courant, 28th March.*)

THE INAUGURATION, by MR STEWART WATSON, R.S.A.*

This painting has been privately exhibited for a few days. The subject is, in many respects, well adapted for pictorial representation, and, both in conception and execution, the artist has been very successful. He has felicitously selected the moment when the poet is advancing to the President's chair to receive the laureate wreath, and has finely delineated the manly form and intellectual countenance of the bard, with his large expressive eyes beaming with emotion. The remainder of the picture is occupied by the friends and distinguished contemporaries of the poet, about sixty in number, to many of whom attach both local

* These initials are misapplied. Mr W. was an associate of the *Royal Institution*, from which the *Royal Scottish Academy* was an off-shoot, and they were ultimately again blended under the latter designation at a period when this artist was abroad.

and literary associations—so that, independent of the interest they contribute to the imposing scene, they possess an intrinsic value as faithful portraits, having been obtained at great labour, from the most authentic sources, of Henry Mackenzie, Henry Erskine, Lord Monboddo, Dugald Stewart, Captain Grose, James Boswell, &c. The grouping of these figures has evidently been carefully studied, and is very skilfully executed, presenting a variety of attitude and expression, without impairing individual characteristics; though, perhaps, the disposition of the groups is too varied, as we might fairly suppose a greater degree of interest to attach to the ceremony than is apparently manifested by the assemblage, especially when we consider the intense interest that was excited in the literary and fashionable circles of Edinburgh by the appearance of the rustic bard. The colouring of the picture is admirably managed, and evinces a refined taste, the mingling light and shade forming an agreeable diversity, while the subordinate details are equally well managed. The painting, as a whole, is extremely creditable to Mr Watson, displaying, as it does, the possession of a cultivated taste and superior artistic powers. We understand the public will have an opportunity of inspecting this excellent work of art in a few days, from which, we are convinced, they will receive much gratification.

(From the Caledonian Mercury of 30th March.)

THE INAUGURATION.

This is a painting of great interest. It conveys at a glance what volumes would come short in doing. It not merely portrays the buirdly form, the lofty brow, the lustrous eyes, and the poetic temperament of the ploughman-bard, but you find him surrounded as he was by the illustrious, the lordly, the elite, the joyously witty, and the rampant convivals of the *Auld Reekie* of the time, all assembled in the picturesque hall historically famous for music, song, and boisterous merriment—the “*Can. Kū.*” A better subject or point could not, we venture to say, have been selected for illustrating the most interesting era of Burns’ life; and Mr Watson has seized and treated it with the vivid conception and graphic details of a master-mind. *An engraving of this picture, worthy of it, will assuredly be in high favour wherever the name of Burns is heard or his songs are sung.*

(From the Weekly Chronicle and Pilot.)

The Inauguration of Robert Burns, as Poet-Laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Mason Lodge in 1787 has been made the

subject of a fine painting by Stewart Watson, Esq., R.S.A., which we have had the pleasure of seeing. The minutes of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, we understand, record the transaction which Mr Watson has represented in this picture, along with the names of many celebrated characters of that day who were present on the occasion. Among those introduced prominently in the picture may be mentioned the Earls of Glencairn and Buchan; Lords Napier and Monboddo; Henry Mackenzie, (the "Man of Feeling;") James Boswell, (Johnson's biographer;) Captain Grose; Sir William Forbes; Sir David Hunter Blair; Baron Norton; Dalrymple of Orangefield; Dr Alexander Wood, (the "Lang Sandy Wood" of Kay's Portraits;)* William Nicol and Allan Masterton—the poet's intimate associates. These are but a few of the remarkable personages who figure on the scene; they are in number about sixty, of most of whom real portraits are given. The ceremony itself is interesting, as it brings the Bard of Ayr into view in one of the few situations in which, during his own lifetime, his genius was duly acknowledged. He is represented as about to be crowned with the poetic wreath by the Master of the lodge. His attitude is graceful and dignified in the highest degree. His portrait, so far as can be judged of by comparison with others admitted to be correct, is excellent. *It strictly corresponds with an engraving which we had the privilege of hearing Mrs Begg (the poet's sister) pronounce to be the most faithful likeness of her illustrious brother among a number shewn to her at the same time.* The interest of the piece is heightened by the circumstance that it is the first historical picture (of any consequence, at least) in which our great national poet has been introduced, and we have no doubt this will commend it to the attention of the public. But it has still higher claims. As a work of art, it must take a high place. It is executed with consummate ability. We know not whether most to admire its general effect or the perfection of its most minute details. It is altogether such a work as Scotsmen have reason to be proud of, and which the admirers of Burns must prize as a noble tribute to the genius of their favourite author. To "the brethren of the mystic tie" it cannot fail to afford peculiar gratification. *Should it be engraved, as we trust it will, it may safely be predicted that there will be few masonic lodges or Burns' clubs in the empire without a copy.*

* The authority was a painting taken at an early period by G. Watson, kindly supplied by Mr Wood's niece.

(From the Edinburgh Evening Post, 1st April.)

INAUGURATION OF BURNS, by STEWART WATSON.

This is the first attempt on canvas to illustrate the life of Burns. The plan adopted is the only true one, by presenting him in the actual light in which he was regarded by his contemporaries—the sort of men who were his friends and companions—in fact, giving a glimpse into the intellectual world in which he moved in the metropolis, after his first arrival, during the year 1786-7. The subject is striking, and awakens our finest sensibilities; and it is treated in a manner which shews the artist has studied deeply the rules of composition, in mastering its development in so decided a manner. Burns is represented in a standing posture, in the act of being installed Poet-Laureate by the R. W. Master. The Lodge, at the moment, is filled by the most distinguished and notable men of the day, in groups, and so arranged as to shew the friendships and remoter intimacies subsisting among them. All this is in admirable taste. The leading characters are evidently portraits, but they are animated and lighted up by the interest of the scene and the passing conversation arising out of it. The group on the Master's left is composed of distinguished visitors, such as Lords Elcho, Torphichen, Glencairn, Eglinton, and the Earl of Buchan. On his right we have Sir William Forbes, Sir John Whiteford, Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield, Mr Millar of Dalswinton, &c. The next most prominent group of the whole is graced by the interesting portraits of Lord Monboddo and Henry Erskine. The next presents the "Man of Feeling," Baron Norton, and Lord Kenmure, engaged in conversation. A prominent group now presents itself, amongst whom Dunbar (Ratlin' Roarin' Willie) appears, supported by Nichol and Cruickshank, masters of the High School, Lewis Cauvin and Allan Masterton, who, being a composer of music, is addressing himself to the orchestra. We have then Dugald Stewart, William Smellie, and Creech the publisher; also Sir James Hunter Blair, Lord Francis Napier, the celebrated James Boswell, Alexander Wood, Captain Grose, with many more interesting and well known persons connected with the history of the period. The features of Burns are admirable. Such a picture as the present imparts more insight into the character of Burns, and the relation he stood in to the world around him, than many commonplace biographies.

The following anonymous effusion (*query*, from the worthy Ancient of the ancient Order, W. PRINGLE, Esq. ?) was received by the post of 30th March, addressed—

Stewart Watson, Esq.

LINES

ON SEEING MR STEWART WATSON'S PICTURE OF BURNS.

I.

Bard of our hearts, beheld again on earth!
Not now, indeed, as oft through fancy's eye,
Following the plough, or by the rustic hearth,
Or 'mid the woods—warbling thy melody;
But in the shrine of Ancient Masonry,
Among "the favour'd, the enlighten'd few,"
Who, by its "hieroglyphic bright," descry
The wisdom hidden from the world's dim view.

II.

Oh, ever blessed be that art divine,
Which, with creative power, can back restore
The living look, each lineament and hue,
Of lov'd familiar faces now no more!
Honour'd the pencil that hath traced before
Our eyes the imaged presence of the Bard,
Whose name and fame have filled all space, and o'er
His brow renewed the wreath—fond Masonry's award.

ENGRAVING

OF THE PAINTING, BY STEWART WATSON, OF THE

INAUGURATION

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

A8

POET-LAUREATE OF THE LODGE CANONGATE KILWINNING.

It is proposed to have the Engraving executed in the best style of mixed Mezzotint, and to have the Picture placed without delay in the hands of an EMINENT ENGRAVER.

Size, 28 Inches by 18.

In order to render the whole Impression as perfect as possible, none will be thrown off beyond what is actually subscribed for.

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PROOFS	3	3	0
PRINTS	2	2	0

Subscriptions received where the Painting is exhibited, and at the shops of the principal Print-sellers in the kingdom; and also orders from a distance, in the annexed form, will receive punctual attention.

MR WATSON,
For Proprietor,
 30, BROUGHTON PLACE, EDINBURGH. }

Insert my name as a Subscriber to the Engraving of STEWART WATSON'S Painting of THE INAUGURATION OF ROBERT BURNS, as Poet-Laureate of the Masonic Lodge, Canongate Kilwinning, Edinburgh, and for the class and number of Impressions to which my signature is here affixed.

Insert the number (*in words*) if more than one, and
 in the Class of Impression wanted.

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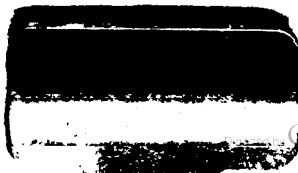
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